







EMILY AND ABRAHAM BREWSTER

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# D. H. LAWRENCE

REMINISCENCES AND  
CORRESPONDENCE

*Edited by*

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## BOOK ONE

*Letters from* D. H. LAWRENCE

*with*

*Reprints selected by* FARR. BREWSTER



## FOREWORD

THIS BOOK is compiled with the belief that the hundred and more letters from D H Lawrence which it contains will be of importance to those who are interested in his character and ideas. They cover the period of the last nine years of his life, beginning in Germany a year before his departure for America, and continue from Sicily, Australia, America, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, England and France.

They were written to my wife and me—who are American painters living in Europe—and to our daughter. Lawrence frequently visited us in Italy, we were together in Ceylon, and we passed months with him in Switzerland and France.

Behind that Lawrence known through his writings stands another Lawrence, and a considerably different one. All who lived with him would agree to this. He was more delicate physically, and more compassionate, both gayer and sadder than his writings reveal. These letters will make that second Lawrence more apparent. Our memoirs, we hope, by giving the circumstances which led to these letters, will assist to make the picture still clearer, and convey some of the reality and charm of Lawrence.

We think in one respect only the letters give a false impression. And that I must mention. They

over-emphasize the spirit of unrest in Lawrence, as though he were always wishing to be elsewhere. Perhaps in writing to a distant friend the thought of travel comes to the mind more than at other times. The recital of one's travels is misleading, for it overlooks the quiet home which has been established for months or years, while the journey is a matter of days. The tourist would have visited in a few months the scenes of Lawrence's nine years.

The handwriting of the letters is most clear: in the entire collection there is not a slip of the pen. All were written by hand. We have presumed to make a few omissions as being significant only to us. The criticisms of contemporary writers which the letters contain we feel should not be published at present. Repetitions and details have a significance which in our judgment prevented their omission.

Much has been published about Lawrence which has been written without personal acquaintance, giving a false impression of his personality. Such abstract understandings he must have hated, for he often railed against both the abstract and "understanding." In letter No 7 he writes. ". . . I hate 'understanding' people, and I hate more still to be understood. Damn understanding more than anything. I refuse to understand you. Therefore you may say what you like, without a qualm, and never bother to alter it. I shan't understand."

To the question, what should be our relation with Lawrence if not that of understanding? I imagine he might say "Leave 'understanding'

to the critics and the psychologists, let my words have what effect they may upon you, don't worry about the matter. Let my contact be vital, even as that with nature. You don't know your kin of blood through *understanding*. I also want the relationship which is deeper." Of course such words contradict themselves, and we shall find him wishing to be understood. But let us not miss the important truth under his paradox. Is his demand different from that which all artists make? The essential aesthetic effect goes beyond intellectual understanding. Indeed, do we really *understand* anything? Yet how potent are influences!

So even the aim of this book is not to explain, but through his own letters and our memories to call forth a concrete picture of Lawrence.

He once said it is not the incidents which befall a character that are important, but what that character is. I would that I could make his character so evident, even as I saw it, that all these incidents which follow would be informed by it. The most fundamental thing which I perceived in him was his devotion to *life*—that power so much beyond our mere mental consciousness. This reverence occupied so fully his being that it affected him at all times. This is the note that should be felt through every incident related. Always he was looking for life in manifestation. Humour, fun, sarcasm, resentment, anger, and whatever quality might be predominant in him arose in relation to that one passion. There all his tenderness was centred. How he hated any hypocrisy



regarding it I would beg that the predominance of this feeling be remembered as always present with him

Of course he was never ponderous he was vivacious, gay, extremely witty, with a light tactful touch

A mood which seldom left him for long—(and which was not so apparent in his writing)—was a plaintive, sad one The shadows were about him as well as the light

He was very earnest so much so he could not escape being the reformer—a delicate, sensitive and furious one Not infrequently his desire for the welfare of his friend brought forth the word hard to hear

His spiritual awareness made others seem trivial and worldly Yet he had a worldly wisdom too he was practical in little things.

He had not only his own rare power of expression, but like the truly great ones, in almost a Pentecostal way, he made vanish the inhibitions of others and gave them the power to speak the truth which was in them

Thus far, and often again, I too must speak of his abstract qualities. May they combine with the concrete incidents herein related to form a picture potent enough to dispel the false image.

EARL H BREWSTER

ST CYR-SUR-MER

VAR FRANCE

7 February, 1931

# PART ONE

1921



## LETTERS FROM GERMANY

LAWRENCE HAD been described to me as an "agonized soul"! I had thought of him as haggard, brooding, and sensual. Our first meeting was in Capri. How different he was from what I had imagined! How different from his own drawings of himself! These he made appear physically stronger. Instead I saw a tall delicate man. His face was pale; his hands long, narrow, capable, his eyes clear-seeing and blue, his brown hair and red beard glowing like flames from the intensity of his life, his voice was flexible, generally of medium pitch, with often a curious, plaintive note, sometimes in excitement rising high in key. He always appeared to be carelessly dressed, but it was only that apparent carelessness which arises from a fastidious nature.

That morning of which I am writing he wore a short jacket of pale home-spun. He brought with him some quality of the outdoor world, from the shrubs and flowers. The sweetness of sun-dried leaves and grass seemed never to leave him. My first impression was that he looked like a man who lived devoted to the study of such life—a botanist. Immediately I felt that he was sensitive beyond others, that he knew intuitively the life of those about him, and wished to establish with them a sincere relationship.

There was no condescension in his manner, his conviviality was quiet and dignified, his attitude seemed to arise from the respect which he had for the vital being one might be. Never was there the slightest sign in him of the self-conscious author.

On that first meeting we went with others to the Piccola Marina to bathe. It was a typical May day in southern Italy, with sun, sirocco and haze. We lay on the rocks, but Lawrence did not bathe, declaring that he did not enjoy it. He was to be in Capri only a few days.

The following morning he joined me for a walk from our house, Torre dei Quattro Venti, to the Molino, beyond Anacapri, a distance of two or three miles. It was the first occasion we were alone together. He must have known of my pre-occupation with Buddhist philosophy and its solution of the problem of suffering, for immediately upon our departure from the house he turned to me, and said:

"You don't look the intellectual type. You were not meant to be governed by the centre between your eyebrows. We should *not* pass beyond suffering, but you can find the power to endure, and equilibrium and a kind of bliss, if you will turn to the deepest life within yourself. Can't you rest in the actuality of your own being? Look deep into the centre—to your solar plexus."

Vaguely I knew of the Hindu theory of the "chakras", but years passed before I felt the significance of what he said to me then. Nevertheless he inspired me to tell him my intimate experiences.

He spoke of his desire for an environment where his contact with people would be more vital

That evening before our roaring fire he was full of wit and humorous anecdotes. He was against idealism, also against what he called the attempt to overcome the tiger, whose being in us is real, he maintained, and not to be suppressed or sublimated.

These first letters which I received from him continue these subjects.

I was planning to leave in the autumn with my wife and child for Ceylon, to continue the study of Buddhism. Lawrence talked much of the difficulty of entering into the thoughts and feelings of another race. In our arguments I quoted the following from Hume, which he attempts to refute in his second letter.

“It is universally acknowledged that there is a great uniformity among the actions of men, in all nations and ages, and that human nature remains still the same, in its principles and operations. The same motives always produce the same actions, the same events follow from the same causes. Ambition, avarice, self-love, vanity, friendship, generosity, public spirit, these passions mixed in various degrees, and distributed through society, have been, from the beginning of the world and still are, the source of all the actions and enterprises observed among mankind. Mankind are so much the same, in all times and places, that history informs us of nothing new or strange in this particular. Its chief use is only to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature.”

The first writing which I received from Lawrence was the following on a postcard

No 1

*Ludwig-Wilhelmstift  
Baden-Baden  
2 May*

I would write a letter if there were an envelope within reach—but there isn't. My wife and I are in a country inn about 3 miles outside Baden—the forest around, the people very pleasant. We may stay on a month or more: then to Bavaria. I can't bear the thought of England or any further north. I think of you and Buddha and Mrs X and measles and zigzaggy pictures. Nirvana is all right! if you get at it right. It is a sort of all-inclusive state, and therefore includes sorrow, does *not* supersede sorrow. no such impertinence. And *your* Nirvana is too much a one-man show. leads inevitably to navel-contemplation. True Nirvana is a flowering tree whose roots are passion and desire and hate and love. Your Nirvana is a cut blossom. Pardon this on a p.c. It is the result of the Fatherland. Still let us see what Burma blossoms from. what roots. Tell your wife not to paint any more Francises. Tell Mrs X I should so like to see her convent—I have never been to Assisi—but that I feel I must consult the birds before I claim sistership with them, they might object to my lack of feathers. Greet the child and tell her to weep for me. Please write a line to the given address.

D. H. LAWRENCE

## No. 2

*Ludwig-Wilhelmstift  
Baden-Baden  
Germany*

DEAR BREWSTER

Your letter to-day—Sunday—and I'll answer smack off because I prefer to do things on the spur.

- I Damn the Norwegian chap
- II We must meet before you go East
- III *Sons and Lovers* is supposed, technically, to have no construction. The world is full of technical fools.
- IV You probably do know me better than I know you, because I don't know you—hardly at all. You Buddhistic people are dark birds, and hardly know yourselves what you build your nests of, I believe
- v What I mean by the eternal quality—and what you mean—I believe we should never make the two fit But I agree quite about the not grasping first because of thorns, then because it's so horrid (not sorrowful but enraging) to be grasped
- VI I here and now, finally and forever, give up knowing anything about love, or wanting to know I believe it doesn't exist, save as a word. a sort of wailing phoenix that is really the wind in the trees In fact I here and now, finally and forever, leave off loving anything or everything or anybody. Basta la mosca !



- VII All right, let white include all colours, if you like Only, white does *not* include all colours It is only pure colourless light which includes all colours And of even that I am doubtful I doubt the exact sciences more than anything else—I don't know *anything* about Nirvana, and I never shall.
- VIII Does the admission of difference presuppose the possibility of superseding? When any life-creature has reached a certain—I don't mean that—I mean any vivid *being* can no more be superseded than life itself can be superseded I consider the tiger is a *being*, a created being If you kill all tigers still the tiger-soul continues The mankind which kills the tiger assumes, willynilly, the tiger's nature and need of being Just as white America assumes, inevitably and frighteningly, the Red Indian nature—little by little. But the point is I don't *want* the tiger superseded Oh, may each she-tigress have seventy-seven whelps And may they all grow in strength and shine in stripes like day and night, and may each one eat at least seventy miserable featherless human birds, and lick red chops of gusto after it Leave me my tigers, leave me spangled leopards, leave me bright cobra snakes, and I wish I had poison fangs and talons as good I *believe* in wrath and gnashing of teeth and crunching of coward's bones I believe in

feal and in pain and in oh, such a lot of sorrow. As for your white Nirvana, my boy paint stripes on it, and see how it looks I'll bet it has a tiger's hungry sides and buzzing, disagreeable tail. Only it's like Well's Invisible Man, it makes no show except when it's had its dinner.

- IX As for Mr Hume. Ambition, avarice, self-love, vanity, friendship, generosity, public spirit the *words* are all the same. the actuality is so different in each individual, as to make the statement feeble You need only translate generosity into German or Russian, and you'll see that Mr. Hume knew nothing about it As for Die liebe, Minne, l'amour, love, l'amore, Amor, and the two blessed Greek words which we pretend stand for love. look at 'em. But I believe there is a certain life concord. But life expressions are so different, it is idiocy to count them like cash Give me differences
- X Nirvana-ing is surely a state of continuing as you are But I know nothing about it Rather hate it
- XI I'll go Eastward when the West pays me enough for my books to carry me there.
- XII Tell Mrs X yes, to write to me, and please to invite us to look at the convent I have a mind to—or a nose to sniff out a Franciscan rat.
- XIII I wish they had been tears

On the same paper is the following letter, fenced off with these words: "PRIVATE GROUNDS TRESPASSERS PROSECUTED by order Jas Buddh."

DEAR MRS BREWSTER

All right, write your *own* first name as if you weren't trying to hide it: succeeding in hiding it, too. Might as well be Absalom for all I make of it.

Guess old Z does it for stinginess. As for me this is the only sheet of paper you'll get out of me this time.

Who on earth is the third lovable woman in *Sons and Lovers*? As for Miriam, I dreamed of her two nights ago. But the word *love* has for me gone pop: there isn't anything any more. Not tragically of course: but just so: quite a new sort of feeling.

M. G. \* is an ass who would say a pudding on a dish looked like Buddha, if only you crossed the spoon and fork in front to look like two cross-legs. Your St. Francis needs a good *schiaffo*, and a pint of Chianti. Never ate enough

I am finishing Aaron And you won't like it *at all* Instead of bringing him nearer to heaven, in leaps and bounds, he's misbehaving and putting ten fingers to his nose at everything. Damn heaven Damn holiness Damn Nirvana Damn *it all*.

What a mercy your daughter doesn't shed a woeful tear at mention of me I suppose I buddhistically removed her beyond sorrow though a Punch and Judy show might have been better.

\* M. G. had said my wife's painting of St. Francis looked like Lawrence

Epaphroditus is good. Wish I had my Greek lexicon. What is Epaphros ?

I don't want that tranquillity of heart which springs from within. Too much at my own expense. I want a bit of a good time—can't sit supping forever at these inside Baden-Baden cure-springs.

Weather-report. My wife and I are in a little inn about 3 miles from Baden—among the hills, just on the edge of the Black Forest—the deep, deep green meadows, with bell flowers and big daisies, and the old black and white village scattered amongst, and amongst trees, the reddish castle ruin sticking above, out of green maple and beeches · the opening walnut-trees beside the loop of the road · the great woods on the final hills, many-pointed fir-woods, and edges of flaming beech · the hills just steeply ceasing, and the wide Rhine-plain beyond, seen from the window, with a loop of river · the nice little northern, barefoot children playing, playing so childlike, not Italian adult-infant ; the yellow oxen in the long wagons of grass : everybody nice but rather spent, rather life-empty · and all so different from before the war : and so different from Taormina. Cheap too—35 marks a day each—70 marks for us two . about 6/- Good food—good German sausages and beer, *good* Rhine wine, *good* whipped cream, and the first strawberries. No sausageless Nirvana . no ! no ! Get a new *cook* (Enquire of Anna Di Chiara )

We must contrive to meet. Is that convent habitable ? Couldn't we turn it into a den of thieves, and pitch a camp there ? I mean the Assisi, not the

Burmese I may have to come to Italy—Florence—in the summer, to do a book for the Medici Society Not sure But I need not stay long in Florence. Are you staying all summer in Capri? We'll be wandering South in September, if we don't meet anywhere else, might meet then But you sail in October!! Send a line of sound practical plotting

DAVID (not Daniel) HERBERT (i.e. Bright Lord), LAWRENCE

Ah, the flesh-pots! We had *asparagus* (German the best in the world), *strawberries* and *Rhine wine* and *Roast Pork* for dinner. WHAT did you have?

That autumn Lawrence and his wife visited us for several days on their return journey to Taormina Only a woman as strong and generous as Mrs Lawrence, with her love for vital experiences and indifferent to the small things, would have suited Lawrence He was never happy to be long separated from her Once, many years later, he remarked to me that in view of the marriages most people make he and I indeed should congratulate ourselves

After their visit I accompanied the Lawrences to Naples, to see them depart on their southern train. It was very cold, and late that night we had to wait long at the railway station, on a dark and dreary platform we sat huddled up in shawls and rugs like emigrants I think there was not much conversation, but I am sure that all three of us, in spite of bodily weariness, enjoyed that experience If the vicissitudes of travel are to be removed, where is the adventure

of it? Lawrence, I often noticed in the years to come, seemed to dislike comfort and to relish discomforts as though they belonged to a reality which he preferred. I felt on that dreary platform something passed between the three of us which made us realize our friendship more deeply than before, and gave us the promise of its endurance

Soon came the first letters from Sicily We were leaving for Ceylon Lawrence sent me as a parting gift his *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, which had just been published Old wine in new bottles indeed—this ancient Hindu conception of the “chakras”, interpreted by a modern genius.

## LETTERS FROM TAORMINA

## No 3

*Fontana Vecchia*  
*Wednesday*

DEAR BREWSTER—AND ACHSAH BREWSTER

Got here in the dark and rain of last night But how lovely it is here! I'm sure you've forgotten. the great window of the eastern sky, seaward I like it *much* the best of any place in Italy and adore Fontana Vecchia.

But my heart and my soul are broken, in Europe. It's no use, the threads are broken. I will go east, intending ultimately to go west, as soon as I can get a ship: that is before March I would come in

January for sure, if one could be sure of ships I had better wait for my tramp steamer, because I should have to go *Very Gently*, monetarily.

My post contained nothing but a would-be official denunciation of *Women in Love* from *John Bull*—I am all things evil—a tremble from my publisher: a very cold letter from my agent, that *Aaron's Rod* can't be accepted: and a solicitor's information about *W in Love*, that a libel action is impending. Sweets to the sweet. Yet I wouldn't call it *Sorrow*—merde! Mille fois merde!

I am so glad we came to Capri Let us pitch our tents side by side in the howling wilderness of these christian countries Let us go from this Sodom of angels like Lot and Abraham, before the fire falls

No, but seriously, let us agree to take a way together into the future. If only you were going in January I would come along, as it is I will follow in January or in February not long.

Very many thanks to you and Achsah Brewster for all your hospitality, and to Alpha Barlow for her kindness in burnoosing me.

I will write again soon Let us have the faith and courage to move together on the slippery ball of quicksilver of a dissolving world

Together we go!  
Divided we straggle!

D H L

Am sending you my *Psychoanalysis* Think you can keep it—think I can get another from London.

## No 4

*Fontana Vecchia  
Taormina  
Sicilia  
Sabato 8 Ottobre 1921*

DEAR BREWSTER

I thought to have heard from you—but nothing. I wrote you the next morning after we were back. I forgot to send the Liras 100—and here it is. I believe it should be a few Liras more, but leave it at the hundred

My post has brought me nothing nice · no, not one single nice word since I am back. But that doesn't alter things I am determined to sail away before next March. Where to depends largely on where I can get a ship to I will hear what you have to say of Ceylon

My plan is, ultimately, to get a little farm somewhere by myself, in Mexico, New Mexico, Rocky Mountains, or British Columbia. The desire to be away from the body of mankind—to be a bit of a hermit—is paramount. In the old world, even of Buddha, I have no deep hope. But I would like to see it, too, and speak with it

I would like you and Achsah Brewster and the child to settle somewhere near. I would rather dig a little, and tend a few fruit-trees with you, than meditate with you. I would rather we did a bit of quite manual work together—and spent our days in our own solitude and labour.



There I think that's the ultimate of what I want  
Tell me how you finally feel

D H LAWRENCE

I would much rather approach America from  
the Pacific than from the Atlantic

I sent you *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*  
If you were near enough I would like you to read  
the MS of its sequel—I have it now

No. 5

*Fontana Vecchia -  
Taormina  
Sicilia  
Tuesday*

DEAR BREWSTER

Well, you are packed up, apparently, and on your  
way I had your second letter just this minute—  
also Mrs Brewster's Santa Lucia seems quite a  
long stride, really, if Quattro Venti is *left* behind  
Ach Gott, that first stride of clearing out of one's  
house genuinely *costs*

Here we sit the rain has begun and I feel  
rather gloomy Europe is my own continent, so I  
feel bad about it I feel as if it was dying under my  
eyes Maybe it isn't at all but I get the feeling just  
the same, you see It's almost precisely as if some-  
body were dying one's mother for example One's  
unconscious simply bristles and listens for death  
That is how Taormina, Italy, all affects me since  
summer So when I leave Europe, I feel I want  
to go for ever.

As a good omen, I was that very instant dreaming in my siesta dream that you had written from *Ceylon* and that it was lovely, lovely there—when the banging of the express boy on my door woke me. And I was just in some odd way seeing Ceylon myself. Let's hope we'll tie the broken end of the dream to reality.

I'll write to you in Ceylon. I wish you had had time to read my *Fantasia of the Unconscious* before you went. I've just finished correcting it. Write to me *quickly* from Ceylon, and tell me first impressions, and if one could live there cheaply enough. I am sure upper Ceylon is lovely. I am rather inclined to think, myself, that people matter more than place. But the east seems to me the world to meditate in, Europe the world to feel in. America the world to act in.

But I don't feel very sure about anything

I will write quite often

D. H. LAWRENCE.

## No 6

*Taormina*  
*Tuesday*

DEAR ACHSAH BREWSTER

Ach ! ach Gott !—tiresome name to spell you've got. I had your diminutive letter, and thought it was a wedding card. Suppose you're feeling really rather high and mighty, now you're actually off East.

Well—your Taormina friends are storming over your departure. Miss Fisher thinks it's *Madness*, madness. I say "why?"—and she replies ambiguously.

"For Achsah! It may be all right for him, but for Achsah it's madness" Again I say why—and all the answer is "Has *she* got this Buddha-business on the brain as well?" I say just a touch, whereupon Miss Fisher goes *tit!*—*madness!!* She was in a great state in the train after having seen Brewster\* raging up and down—and I had all my work to prevent her getting out at Battipaglia and places whose names even shouldn't be on the map, in the night and the pouring rain, to come back to *Earl*. "I can't go without seeing Earl again—I can't, I simply cannot" And brandishing her fist while the Italians made goo-goo eyes.

Ah well, she has dismissed it all again as *madness* now. She came here one evening: and my, how she grumbles about everything. It's really almost funny. She also had a tea-party, Wood and Rosalie and us: so of course somebody underneath practised the piano-forte in a most rudimentary fashion *all the while*.

—"Can you bear it *another* instant?"—"What, *ever* Miss Fisher?"—"Why that *aw-ful* noise!—Did you *ever*! I hate the place—I simply *hate* the place And I hate the *people*—Oh my! And the *flies*! Aren't the flies simply *awful* . . .!"

On Sunday Wood had a tea-party—with a now famous Taormina violinist who has returned from the Chicago region, his wife having died Everybody was there—N, E Y, E, Baron L, the O Os and a whole crowd. Wood's house is getting more gilded and stuccoed every day. That Taormina "artist" played the Rosary! it

\* We met Miss Fisher when the Lawrences entered their train at Naples

con moltissima espressione, till I thought his fiddle-strings were turning thick as salsiccia with emotion. Poor darling, his wife has lately died. She used to accompany him on the piano, with so much *feeling*, said Guisepina May, that, poor thing, she was nothing but a shadow. And now she isn't even that. Well, it was awful . . .

Frieda is now raging round me. We've got to go to tea to Rosalie's. She's having a sort of "welcome-all". I'll write to Ceylon and tell you how it "transpires".

I shan't say anything about goodbyeing. But write soon and say how it is.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

## No. 7

*Fontana Vecchia  
Taormina  
Sicilia*

2 Novem 1921

DEAR BRWSTER

Yours and Achsah's from beyond Crete received to-day: and by coincidence, one from Alpha. So the family voice was uplifted in one strain on this feast-day of All Souls. Anyhow you've got as far as Port Said

No, I don't understand a bit what you mean about rightness and about relationships and about the world. Damn the world, anyhow. And I hate "understanding" people, and I hate more still to be understood. Damn understanding more than

anything I refuse to understand you Therefore you can say what you like, without a qualm, and never bother to alter it I shan't understand

I do wonder what Ceylon is like The ship sounds rather fun, if rather awful Of course I should have to make those Australian two-legged organs tune up a bit if I was there I believe they think they're most awfully *it*

I've been in a hell of a temper for three weeks blank refused to see anybody after the Fisher's last visit : and only the Count Z came and gave me a headache I begrudged him his tea and detested him I've been so disagreeable to old Maria, rooking me, that now she creeps about as if a dagger was at her neck I've written such very spiteful letters to everybody that now the postman never comes And I believe even the old capra doesn't have her belated kid for fear I pounce on her But it is a world of *Canaille* ; absolutely *Canaille*, *canaglia*, *Schweinhunderei*, stink-pots Pfui !—pish, pshaw, prrrr ! They all stunk in my nostrils

That's how I feel in Taormina, let the Ionian sea have fits of blueness if it likes, and Calabria twinkle like seven jewels, and the white trumpet-tree under the balcony perfume six heavens with sweetness That's how I feel A curse, a murrain, a pox on this crawling, sniffing, spunkless brood of humanity

So, what's it like in Ceylon ? I'd much rather go to Mars or the Moon But Ceylon if there's nothing better Is everybody there as beshitten as here ? I'll bet they are

There isn't any news, so don't ask for any I believe Seltzer is bringing out my *Sea and Sardinia* book just now and poems called *Tortoises* I finished the *Unconscious* book and sent it to America with a foreword answering some of my darling critics. Called it provisionally *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. Call it *Fantasia* to prevent anybody tying themselves into knots trying to "understand" it. Since when I did up a short story, and suddenly wrote a very funny long story called *The Captain's Doll*, which I haven't finished yet. But I have just got it high up in the mountains of the Tyrol, and don't quite know how to get it down without breaking its neck. If I hadn't my own stories to amuse myself with I should die, chiefly of spleen.

This afternoon I have got to go into paese for the first time for ten days, to buy some things. If I die before I get back, you'll hear by the next post, maybe.

To-day is Tutti i Morti Last night the cemetery was lit up with bunches of light like yellow crocuses. Giorgio of course, vestal that he is, was trimming the two lamps before his father's pigeon-hole, and waiting on guard lest anyone stole the said lamps, which, according to Maria, are finissime, ma belle di cristallo intagliato—sa—non ci sono altre così in tutto il cimitero, no signore, ne in Taormina tutta She leans on the parapet of our balcony—spaventata—terrified of the ghost of her poor dead Enrico. She has never been to the cemetery since he died and only twice has prevailed on herself even to pass the cemetery wall What had she done to him, that

she fears his avenging spirit so deeply ? . . . She comes sheltering under my wing because, I suppose, she thinks I'm such another tyrant and nuisance, such as he was

I have been reading Giovanni Verga's Sicilian novels and stories Do you know them ? When once one gets into his really rather difficult style (to me), he is very interesting. The only Italian who does interest me I'll send you some if you like But probably you'll be reading Sanskrit and speaking Cinghalese by now

I don't know anything about the future My stock of English money is almost gone England will provide me no more I await X's arrival in America, and then he will tell me how many dollars are to my name I hope about 2,500 or 3,000 I feel at the moment I don't care where I live, that people are bloody swine—or bloodless swine—everywhere and here at least I have a fair space of land and sea to myself But if you tempt me one little bit I'll splash my way to Ceylon Be sure though and tell me how much a house costs, and a pound of bacon and a dozen of eggs Don't be on a damned high Buddhistic plane I'm in no mood to stand it And if you do come back to Europe, come to Sicily, not to Capri

. . . . .

We saw Earl photographs, and Achsah photographs, and Shaler's photographs, and a whole wall-paper-pattern of Harwood photographs at the Fisher's

Tempi passati vostri ! Ma son' tristi, questi tempi passati : o troppo passati, o non abbastanza.

I will write again when a gentle spirit moves me.

What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile "

Arrivederci

D. H. LAWRENCE.

No. 8

*Fontana Vecchia*

*Taormina*

*Sicily*

16 Nov 1921

DEAR BREWSTER

How then is Ceylon ? I have been thinking of your arrival. It has blown, the wind, and snowed on Calabria, and siroccoed till we are all of us in fragments But now it's fair again. How has it been beyond the Gulf of Aden ?

I am tired of here, I can't *belong* any more. And now you have gone so far, Ceylon seems like a coloured illustration in a book to me—not real. And all the east seems like the stage

I had a letter from Mabel Dodge Sterne, from Taos, New Mexico—and she says won't we go there She offers us a house—an adobe cottage—and all we want. Taos has a tribe of Indians, there since the Flood It is a centre of Sun worship They say the sun was born there. It is 6,000 feet up on a mountain—and 25 miles from the railway. But of



course there are some American artists there Yet I want to go The Indian, the Aztec, old Mexico—all that fascinates me and has fascinated me for years. *There* is glamour and magic for me Not Buddha. Buddha is so finished and perfected and <sup>fulfilled</sup> and vollendet, and without new possibilities—to me I mean So it seems to me The glamour for me is in the west, not in the fulfilled east It is a shame to write you like this But my spirit stubbornly says it to me Of course I have not decided I shan't make a move till the new year But I think truly I would rather go to Taos than to Ceylon And to sail to New Orleans or Galveston or even Los Angeles. You will be angry But it seems to me my fate Still I want to hear about Ceylon, if you think it is *your* fate And of course Achsah is to write, and she is to say what she *really* thinks of it

I have had a bit of flu, so haven't been out much Kitson was here—and Rosalie—they talk of you and Shaler And Miss Fisher and Miss H from Palermo . the latter wondering why you never answered her letters I tell her about Buddha and she says, so hot and injured

“But I thought he was a *christian* !”

“Oh probably,” say I And I always laugh It always affects me as being funny, when people say “he is a *christian* !” It is like being on the stage in a costume play I told you they are going to erect an English church here for £30,000 sterling But the chief mover, il signor Duca, is detained in Rome where he has been meeting Mrs Evans, because the fascisti

and comunisti are hitting one another again and making a railway strike

Of news there is none particular. I had a cable from Seltzer that he thought *Aaron* wonderful, overwhelming. Glad to hear it, I'm sure. Z is in such a dirty mess himself, having swindled half England . . . and being on trial for weeks, that he is not going to be allowed to suppress *Women in Love*. I haven't got *Sea and Sardinia* yet, but the *Dial* published mutilated bits in Oct. and Nov. I have been busy getting my MSS into order—as far as possible—so that I can clear out and be free. So I have brought the short stories up to the scratch, ready for a volume . . . and written a long short story, *The Captain's Doll*, which I think is interesting, and put a long tail to *The Fox*, which was a bobbed short story. Now he careers with a strange and fiery brush. I hope you will read him some time, because then you will see that I am not really drawn Buddhawards, but West.

Nevertheless I hope you are having a good time. I'll bet one can have a lovely villegiatura in Ceylon, saints or no saints. Buddha or not. I can't help rather hating Buddha . . . I can't even help putting my spite and irreverence against him into this letter. So it's high time I stopped.

Send the news nevertheless. Be greeted, all of you

D H LAWRENCE



# PART II

1922



## LETTERS FROM TAORMINA

No. 9

*Fontana Vecchia  
Taormina  
Sicily  
2 Jan 1922*

DEAR BREWSTER

I had your letter about Kandy. It sounds lovely, the coloured, naked people and the big elephant coming round the corner and the temple through. I guess you'll love it after a while. I feel I can't come—that the east is not my destiny. More and more I feel that meditation and the inner life are not my aim, but some sort of action and strenuousness and pain and frustration and struggling through. All the things you don't believe in, I do. And the goal is not that men should become serene as Buddha or as gods, but that the unfleshed gods should become men in battle. God made man is the goal. The gods are uneasy till they can become men. And men have to fight a way for the new incarnation. And the fight and the sorrow and the loss of blood, and even the influenzas and the headache are part of the fight and the fulfilment. Let nobody try to filch from me even my influenza. I've got influenza at the moment, but it only makes me more unbudding.

I have decided to go to Taos in New Mexico  
 There are Indians there, and an old sun magic And  
 I believe that the clamorous future is in the States  
 I do not want peace nor beauty nor even freedom  
 from pain. I want to fight and to feel new gods in  
 the flesh.

We are looking for a ship At present I can only  
 find one from Bordeaux to New Orleans—and Bordeaux  
 is so far. So probably we shall sail from Palermo to  
 New York on February 6th. . . .

I sent you two days ago a copy of *Tortoises*—poems,  
 to Kandy. I hope they will come.

Write and tell me what you are doing . . .

For myself I am weary of Taormina, and have  
 no desire to stay in Sicily or in Europe at all

Greet Achsah and the child, and be greeted.

D H. LAWRENCE

No. 10

*Fontana Vecchia*

*Taormina*

*Sicilia*

18 Jan 1922

DEAR BREWSTER

Your letter of 16 December just came And  
 suddenly, for the first time, I suddenly feel you may  
 be right and I wrong: that I am kicking against the  
 pricks I have misinterpreted "Life is sorrow".  
 That is a first truth, not a last truth And one must  
 accept it as one's first truth, and develop from that.  
 I verily believe it

The groundwork of life is sorrow But that once established, one can start to build And until that is established one can build nothing no life of any sort I begin to agree I took it one must *finish* with the fact that *Life is sorrow* Now again I realize that one must get there, and having arrived, then begin to live

Good then : as a basis, *Life is sorrow* But beyond that one can smile and go on

Only—only—I somehow have an imperative need to fight. I suppose it depends *how* one fights

No, I believe you are right. Probably there, east, is the *source* : and America is the extreme periphery. Oh God, must one go to the extreme limit, then to come back ?

I only know it seems so much *easier*, more peaceful to come east But then peace, peace ! I am so mistrustful of it . so much afraid that it means a sort of weakness and giving in Yet I believe you're right The very word you say, that Ceylon is *heavy*, makes me think you are right

And the fact that I have felt so *spiteful* against Buddha makes me feel I was unsure all the time, and kicking against the pricks

We have made all arrangements to go to Taos, New Mexico But we have booked no passage Shall I come to Ceylon ? Dio mio, I am so ridiculous, wavering between east and west

I believe I shall not go to America

What is the good after all of going to where everything is just *unlearned* and confused to the utmost



Perhaps it is true, Buddhism is true realism, *things as they are* And America is utterly *things as they are not* But the future—where is that? Must one go through the utter unreality of America . or keep a continuity? I'd better begin to make sure

Later . Well now, I'm writing at once about ships to Colombo I shall cable to you if we are actually coming, when we book passages I hope to sail next month

So—arrivederci.

D H LAWRENCE

Frieda and Lawrence arrived in Ceylon soon after the foregoing letter. I met them at Colombo, where we passed a few pleasant days before going to Kandy At first Lawrence liked being in Ceylon "It is good to have gone through the Red Sea, and to be behind Moses," he declared He wanted at once to begin the study of the Singhalese language.

I had leased an old bungalow surrounded by the broadest verandas It was isolated from neighbours in the midst of sixty acres of forest, and stood at the top of the highest hill In one direction we overlooked the Kandy Lake, in the other the Mahaweli-ganga, or Great Elephant River The verdant forests came to our very door There Frieda and Lawrence came to live with us during their sojourn in Ceylon

Lawrence began his life with us by saying "I consider you truly my friends, therefore I shall tell you your faults!" Nor did he fail to do so!

Occasionally the "elements of my being" were disturbed by his criticisms, but as I cannot recall what they were I fear I did not profit by them. How easy to forget our faults, even when they are pointed out to us!

The least wasted of times are the walks one has had. I recall the joy of walks with Lawrence through the forests. The world when it was young must have looked like those jungles. In the depths of the forests we visited glowing white temples surrounded by fragrant champa flowers. we crossed the Mahaweli-ganga in primitive boats, on narrow paths we withdrew respectfully to let the tall dark elephants pass. It was good to watch workmen in the ways of life not dominated by machinery, to touch implements and products moulded by the hand. Monkeys hid in the trees. the brightest birds flitted by our veranda: a trotting bull, so gentle of nature and lovely to look at, grazed near our house, or lay on the front flight of steps as though he would serve for a decorative statue. gorgeous flowers grew on the trees, making some hills as colourful as a New England autumnal wood: radiant day ever succeeded the star-lit night and never in that clime would we need other than the sun's rays to warm us. yet Lawrence—the worshipper of life—in that abundance and beauty was not content. "My being requires a different physical and psychic environment. the white man is not for this region: it is for the dark-skinned, whose flow of blood consciousness is vitally attuned to these different rays of the sun"—he declared.

Lawrence talked much of racial differences, of those existing in the present, and of those between the present and the past. He attached much importance to actual difference of blood, which he considered affected consciousness—that is, that consciousness and the blood are more closely related than is generally recognized to-day. The elephant especially interested him as the remnant of another age.

If the British activities in Ceylon or India were adversely criticized Lawrence was furious. Such criticism was a privilege reserved for himself!

One day he startled me by saying: "Man himself created the sun and the moon." After a moment I quoted these words of the Buddha: "Verily, I declare to you, my friend, that within this very body, mortal though it be and only a fathom high, but conscious and endowed with mind, is the world, and the waxing thereof, and the waning thereof, and the way that leads to the passing away thereof" <sup>1</sup> "No, no," responded Lawrence, "I don't mean in your subjective sense" He has written about this in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. to which book he always referred when I begged him to give more details of the subject treated in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*."

When I urged him to write at greater length on his philosophical and psychological conceptions, he would shake his head and say: "I would contradict myself on every page"

I had gone to Ceylon for the study of Buddhism, and of Pali—the language of its earliest scriptures.

For this purpose I passed my mornings in a Buddhist monastery : and other hours were required for the preparation of lessons. Lawrence seemed to disapprove of my devotion to Buddhism : he never again showed as much interest in it as in his last letter from Sicily. But his sympathy for other forms of Hindu thought remained. He seemed to think there had been a prehistoric figure of the seated Buddha, meditating on the lotus at the solar plexus . this was the Buddha, he declared, that interested him. In later years he used often to say of the seated Buddha “ Oh I wish he would *stand up* ! ”

The climate did not suit Lawrence : he began to grow ill. He proposed our going higher in the mountains ; but I thought I could not leave the study of Pāli. I did not appreciate then—as I think he did—the significance which our life together possessed. What Lawrence offered had to be *lived* ; it was not something merely to be seen intellectually. To talk about it much was to deny it. He wished us to live and work together in a deep and sincere relationship, from which would spring a reality beyond any one of us, informing and enriching us, which he symbolized by the figure of the rainbow. He would say : “ I would rather work with you, each doing something with our hands, than to talk together.” Often during the years I knew him he declared that he would never write again. He was able to find in the humblest occupation a rhythm and a flow of life which gave him satisfaction.

It was the warmest season Ceylon had had for many years . we were none of us feeling well Lawrence

would not endure it longer I remember one fateful afternoon we sat on the veranda discussing our future plans Lawrence and Frieda would sail for Australia: my wife spoke of going to America I must choose what I would do I was reluctant to leave Ceylon, and more reluctant still to leave for the West, not having visited India or Burma "If you *really* want to go to Burma, let Achsah and Harwood make a visit in America while you go to Burma. It is best to do what you very much want to do, and so maybe get it out of your system," advised Lawrence Then in a teasing humour, picturing me as a Buddhist monk in Burma, he wrote the following

Apostrophe to a Buddhist Monk

Oh my bald head  
Cranium  
duck-egg  
how thou dost poke up among the spokes of  
my umbrella

Oh my marigold robe  
how thou castest up a sickly glare  
a bilious blast  
a mango-fleshed aura nauseously steaming  
a pawpaw effulgence  
into my eyes and nostrils

Oh my wife's brass incense-bowl  
bought second-hand from Mrs Justice Ennis  
for 3½ rupees  
I am inclined to heap thy coals of  
fire on my own bald and prickly pate  
and lick up thy ashes with a repentant tongue  
and consider the lily, not the pawpaw  
nor the mango-flesh  
and give up the ghost incontinent  
in the hope of resurrecting or rather re-incarnating  
as a vendor of fried fish, once more yellow "

In after years, when I asked Lawrence why he had written so little of Ceylon, he replied that because of his illness there he did not trust his impressions. Now I recall only his poem, *Elephant*, as laid in Ceylon.

Lawrence and Frieda went from Ceylon to Australia. Four years passed before I saw him again during which time he and Frieda travelled from Australia to New Mexico and to Old Mexico, to Europe, back to New Mexico and to Europe again. My wife, my daughter and I returned to Europe thus the following letters from Australia reached us in Switzerland.

## LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA

No. 11

*Darlington*  
*West Australia*  
15 May 1922

DEAR BREWSTER

Well!—it is even as you say: six weeks will see us through Australia, I verily believe. At least we are going on next Thursday by the P & O. boat from Fremantle to Sydney.

We are here about 16 miles out of Perth—bush all around—marvellous air, marvellous sun and sky—strange, vast empty country—hoary unending “bush” with a pre-primeval ghost in it—apples ripe and good, also pears. And we could have a nice little bungalow

—but—but—BUT—well, it's always an anticlimax of buts I just don't want to stay, that's all It is so democratic, it feels to me *infra dig* In so free a land, it is humiliating to keep house and cook still another mutton-chop We go east, to Sydney And there, no doubt, I shall cable at once for more money, to cross the Pacific But I find we can take a boat stopping at Fiji, Pego, Honolulu—or another one stopping at Tahiti and somewhere else I'm determined to *try* the South Sea Isles Don't expect to catch on there either But I love trying things and discovering how I hate them

How I *hated* a great deal of my time in Ceylon never felt so sick in my life Yet it is now a very precious memory, invaluable Not wild horses would drag me back But neither time nor eternity will take away what I have of it Ceylon and the east. One day I shall go round the world again, and go from Africa to North India and Himalayas and if possible Thibet then China and Japan One day Then basta “We have no abiding city here——”

I wonder where you are, you three I haven't a notion And where I shall be myself, a month hence, I haven't a notion Toiling on, toiling on—

I wonder how James is, and cook, and ayah, and Banda Dio benedetto, *che giorni* !

I wonder where you are, and how long your face

## No. 12

P & O S N COMPANY'S  
S S "Malwa"

DEAR ACHSAH

We got your letter and Earl's in Perth two days ago—you will be in the Mediterranean by now.—Amused to hear how Ardnaree blew the lid off after we'd gone. I can see the overseer's doing his prayers at Earl's feet, and Earl not kicking him

We got to Adelaide on Monday, and to Sydney to-morrow week. Feel a bit in dread of it: the towns are awful—yet the land is new and strange and remote and gives one something. I find all the South Sea Isles lie to hand at Sydney—must visit them. F. says she must stay at least three months in or near Sydney—we'll see. I am not thinking of any work This boat very pleasant—P. & O. Imagine the *Osterly* taking you back again! Of course Earl was quite right to read the gland book—I call that perfectly legitimate. A book is public, not like a letter. I got a letter from Selzer urging me to go to India and write a book on it Too late this time But one day I'll go again All Indian servants on board here. I wouldn't have missed Kandy for anything,—Ardnaree

D H. L.



## No. 13

*Thurroul*  
5 June

We have come down here about 40 miles south of Sydney—have a very nice bungalow with the Pacific in the garden—really—but it is so noisy

I am trying to write—and if I can get on we shall stay a month or two But I think anyhow by autumn we shall be in America Australia is a wonderful country in itself—but as usual—l'uomo non mi piace Frieda is very happy with her house—and we can bathe all to ourselves Send me a line

D H L

## No 14

"Wyecurk"  
*Thurroul N S W*  
13 June 1922

DEAR BREWSTER

I suppose this will, eventually, reach you Here we are in a very nice bungalow—30/- a week—on the very edge of the sea, with a weird new "township" between us and the dark wall of hills which stands up two miles inland It is a weird, weird country Of course the people are all you think they are and less than that But within 1,000 miles there isn't a soul that knows us I don't present any letters of introduction, and don't intend to I never

knew before how wonderful it was to know absolutely nobody, for a vast distance around one. The tradesmen leave goods in the morning, that is all. Material existence is very easy indeed, the life of the people being *absolutely* external, what else have they to do but make it so. We do everything for ourselves, and not a soul can come to our door.

In a way I am sorry you haven't seen this country. It is extraordinarily subtle, *unknown* country. The gum trees are greyish, with pale trunks—and so often the pale, pure silver dead trees with vivid limbs. Then the extraordinary *delicacy* of the air and the blue sky, the weird bits of creek and marsh, dead trees, sand, and very blue hills—it reminds me of Puvis de Chavannes more than any country I have seen so apparently monotonous, yet when you look into it, such subtly different distances, in layers, and such exquisite forms—trees, flat hills—strange, standing as it were at the *back* of the vision. It needs Japanese treatment—or Puvis. By the way his *Winter* is in Melbourne art gallery. I still hated his self-conscious sentiment and rather snivelling outlook. But love that detailly patterny subtle layering of distances. Only not the foolish human figures—classic remains.

The *Glands* book came to-day. Also I've got the *Aaron's Rod* from Seltzer—will send you a copy to Cook, Geneva, if I don't hear from you next mail. I am writing another novel pitched here in Australia—a weird thing of a novel. I am hoping to get it done by August, as it goes well so far. If I do we shall sail to San Francisco via Tahiti—and go to

Taos You might write c/o Mabel Dodge Sterne, Taos, New Mexico We should arrive in San Francisco on Sept 4th all being well Don't write here

It is winter here—but lovely sunny days The sun is a lovely creature here Only the nights are cold. And the sea is marvellous, so big, so many colours, with huge unfolding breakers and an everlastingly folded secret That's the charm here the folded secret This would be a lovely country if one wanted to *withdraw* from the world. really It has a sustaining magic of its own Humanely speaking, of course, it just *is not*

Well, I hope you and Achsah and the child are settled happily somewhere. Frieda is sleeping after bathing. When shall we meet next ?

D. H. L.

(The following was written on the margins of the above letter)

I should think we'll be in Europe next Spring'

Have you found the tobacco shop yet ? I shall be a queer old cove taking snuff by the time I get back to Europe

Achsah, the *clock* is our only time-piece, the green parrot with red beak stands like the Holy Ghost beside him, along with the red (Nuwara Elyia) candlestick, and the brass is quite dazzling We use your shell butter plate every day and I find lovely shells here, and if only there was a jeweller he should make you hat-pins and buttons out of them Frieda doesn't finish her Buddha embroidery because she

housewives. Your little black embroided *Greek* bag given in Capri, also hangs on a nail for ornament. It's a pretty room—and big, big as Ardnaree's big room. Pity you can't come to tea We bake, good cakes and tarts and eat them *all* ourselves. Perhaps that's the most lovely feeling—eating all the cakes oneself

Frieda is making herself a house dress of blue and black strips, flannelette—so blue! Poor Achsa.

The living is quite cheap, once one is settled in, though things aren't cheap. except, of course, meat, of which you can get large joints thrown at you. The apples *are* good but the orchards a disappointment as they don't let the trees grow taller than man-high so they can pick them easily—There are also oranges and lemons, but not like Sicily

I have had moments of Heimweh for Europe—and for the *glamour* of Ceylon. But in truth I sit easier in my skin here than anywhere. The sea is extraordinary good company, especially when you have firm sands to walk on

No. 15

“Wyewurk”

Thirroul

N S W

24 July 1922

MY DEAR ACHSAH

Your letter of June 8th from Chexbres to-day: we had wondered and wondered where you were—so glad to hear of you rejoicing among meadows, instead of shuddering under the zinc roof of Ardnaree

Don't take either *Psychoanalysis* or *Glands* too seriously : glands are only little wheels in the working, and complexes are a myth, they don't exist. The gland man amused me by his crossness more than by his theories. Of course the idea that you can supply pituitrin and adrenalin and so forth to make a race of supermen is just as absurd as any other panacea. But he comes a *bit* nearer to the origins of consciousness. I hope Seltzer has published and posted the *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, as I asked him to. I will post you *Aaron* to-day, to Geneva. I kept you a copy. Does Earl still moan his orient? No, I don't. Superficially, sometimes, I am drawn to its glamour. But when I remember and realise, I feel sick at the thought of it. No, no, the east is not for me. Still I should like one day to go to the Himalayas, and by Java and Sumatra and China and Japan to San Francisco. Later.

We are still in our Wyewurk (I told you it was an Australian humorism. Why work?) Australia has a weird and wonderful fascination. I cannot but think that Earl would have found it a *very* attractive landscape to paint—though no strong colour: and you would love practising the new notes of gum-trees and cabbage palms and tree-ferns. The atmosphere is very beautiful, very clear, yet very frail. Though it is winter, it has been perfect weather, (hot sun) save for some cold winds from the mountains—until yesterday when there came a gale of wind and rain from the sea, and it is still blowing and splashing,

the sea loud and *hoarse*, like a northern sea. Usually it booms—like drums and a rattle of kettle-drums. We are waiting to go to Sydney to engage finally our berths on the *Tahiti*, sailing August 10th. Then September 4th San Francisco, and so to Taos, New Mexico. I wrote a sort of novel here—short—you won't care for it at all. But this bit of landscape and atmosphere pretty clear. We haven't known a single soul here—which is really a relief. I feel if I lived all my life in Australia I should never know anybody—though they are all very friendly. But one feels one doesn't want to talk to any of them. Though there is a great fascination in the country itself—a sort of lure in the bush. One could pass quite out of the world, over the edge of the beyond. But it is just a bit too soon. That's why I go on to America. If I stayed in Australia I should really go bush. But there is still some fight to fight, I suppose. Frieda finished the Buddha embroidery, and it looks *very* nice—shimmery and silky and pale yellow and pink and pale green. She is now doing the vase of flowers, the background bright blue with wash-blue. Having done my novel I am out of work until we sail—but we have only a fortnight longer here. I shall be penniless utterly when I get to Taos—but then I shall only be as usual. Why on earth did you send the 8/6—quite absurd. I even owed Earl Rs. 3. The little “Big Ben” clock ticks gaily—but alas, we knocked the green parrot off the mantel and he broke.

I am now going to start learning Spanish, ready for the Mexicans Have no news of publishing or anything—till I get to America. We shine our brass as blatantly as possible—where is yours? No doubt we'll see you in America.

D H L.

No 16

(A card from Avatiu Rarotonga in the South Seas)

20 Aug

Here for a day—such a lovely island—temple-flowers, great red hibiscus—tropical and *hot* but not at all sweltering Wish you'd come this way

D H L

LETTERS FROM NEW MEXICO

No 17

(A card)

Taos

12 Sept

We got here yesterday—found your letter and Achsah's Glad you liked *Aaron* You seem to be still pining for the east It is wonderful here—we drove 75 miles across the desert from Santa Fe—but you couldn't paint it

I am still dazed and vague—will write soon

D. H L

## No. 18

Taos  
New Mexico  
U S A.  
22 Sept 1922

DEAR FARI

I found your letter, and Achsah's, here. Glad you like *Aaron*

Well, we are in the home of the brave and the Land of the Free. It's free enough out here, if freedom means that there isn't anything in life except moving *ad lib* on foot, horse, or motor-car, across deserts and through canyons. It is just the life outside, and the outside of life. Not *really* life, in my opinion.

But you should see me, in your white riding breeches, and blue shirt, a cow-boy hat, and your white tie, trotting on a bay pony with an Indian, across to the Pueblo. Frieda too. It is very sunny indeed. The Indian Pueblo is still, earth brown, and in a soft, sun-soaked way aboriginal. I like it. But it is like looking from the top of a hill way back down to a village one has left and forgotten. A bit éccurant. I am of course a great stranger here. And I feel there is a curious grudge, or resentment against everything, almost in the very soil itself.

The house is a very smart adobe cottage Mabel Sterne built for our coming, built in native style. It is just one story high, has four rooms and a kitchen, and is furnished with a good deal of "taste" in



simple Indian or home-made furniture and Mexican or Navajo rugs nice The drawback is, of course, living under the wing of the "padrona" She is generous and nice—but still, I don't feel free I can't breathe my own air and go my own little way What you dislike in America seems to me really dislikeable everybody seems to be trying to enforce his, or her, *will*, and trying to see how much the other person or persons will let themselves be overcome Of course the *will* is benevolent, kind, and all that, but none the less it is other people's will being put on me like a pressure I dislike that and I despise it People must be very insufficient and weak, wanting, inside themselves, if they find it necessary to stress themselves on every occasion Mancano troppo They are, it seems to me, short of something vital in their own souls

I don't know how long I shall stick it probably, as a sort of lesson to myself, until the spring Then I shall come away But if I dislike it *too* much, I shall leave as soon as I decide that it is too much The sun, the free desert, the absence of Europe's stiflingness—that is good But this absurd will-pressure and the sense of a host of people who must all have an inferiority complex somewhere, striving to make good over everybody else, this is only ignominious, it seems to me

Seltzer had a case the "Vice" people tried to suppress *Women in Love* and other books Seltzer won completely, and is now claiming \$10,000 damages

I expect to receive copies of *Fantasia of the*

*Unconsciously* before the end of the month. Of course I shall send you one.

Tell me where you are now. Many greetings to Achsah and the child—she will soon be a *Made-moiselle*.

D. H. LAWRENCE.



PART THREE

1923-1924



I DO not remember how long Lawrence remained in New Mexico before he returned to Europe for a few months. Unfortunately some letters of this period are among those which I do not find. Over four months intervened between the foregoing letter from New Mexico and the following from Baden-Baden.

## LETTERS FROM BADEN-BADEN AND LONDON

No. 19

*Baden-Baden*  
*Germany*  
13 Feb 1923

DEAR BREWSTER AND ACHSAH

We were in Paris a while and Frieda talked so much of you. I'm sorry you were not there.

Europe depresses me rather—and Germany is cold. I am like you now. I loathe a European winter, particularly here in the north.

It looks as if I shall have to get back to New York before March 15th, which also is rather a blow. I can't get any answer from R— So I shall just have to go and see to it all. I intended going later, but not till warm weather was there. It's rather a bore. . . .

I suppose we shall go west again, to New Mexico, and later down to Old Mexico. At the moment I don't feel like going east. I feel so strongly that all the oriental stuff is really played out, that the religions of the east have passed into that inevitable second phase, and become false religions, and people like Gandhi false prophets. Maybe later one will go. But not now.

Then again I really like Mexico, and feel some hope there. If the revolution is over, we shall go back there—probably to Oaxaca. And if we manage to settle down at all, I hope you and Achsah and the child will come to see us. It is never cold—same latitude as Delhi, but high altitude.

I didn't go on with my psychologic books. The response to them was so very stupid, in the world, best leave the rest unsaid. The next thing coming is another Australian book. When we were in West Australia a young woman showed me a MS. I said, why didn't she write a plain Australian book. A year later came the MS of the plain Australian book—I added and took away, it will come out under our joint names. *The Boy in the Bush* is the title I like it. Hope you will.

Middleton Murry wants to come with us to America, but can't get away until April. We may have to wait for him in the east. I wonder where? Can you recommend a quiet, not very expensive hotel in New York? Or we might try the country near. If you have a suggestion write to me. Hotel Versailles, 60 Bvd Montparnasse Paris, 6. We shall be

there on the 21st and stay a few days · then London, which I don't like

I wish we could have met and had a talk. Damn all publishers. Frieda greets you.

D. H. L.

No. 20

*Thursday, 28 Feb*

DEAR EARL

We are back in London. I had your letter in Paris—glad all goes well I will go in to Martin Secker to-morrow and send you those two books of mine F. says she would love a picture from you and Achsah when we have a place. We expect to sail on March 8th for New York. I shall certainly send a note to Willa Cather; I should very much like to see her. My address will be care Curtis Brown—though I don't suppose we shall stay long. Thank you for the addresses you sent. You are probably right about the Wisdom of the East. If it be not a millstone round our necks.

Greet Achsah and the child.

D. H. LAWRENCE



## LETTERS FROM NEW YORK AND THE TWO MEXICOS

No 21

*New York*  
*Thursday*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Got here to-day—going to stay in a cottage in New Jersey—write and let us meet as soon as you come this way—don't know how long we'll stay in this America—pray God not long Don't like it I will write a letter from the country. Got all your letters. Write

D H L

No 22

*Hotel Monte Carlo*  
*Ave Uruguay 69*  
*Mexico City*  
*11 April 1923*

Your letter arrived to-day. We wondered so much about you We have been in Mexico about three weeks : are just going to-morrow to Puebla, Tehuccan, Orizaba, to look at the hotter places, and see if we'd like a house somewhere, for the summer We got no further east, in U S A , than New Mexico—I never lectured to your countrywomen—nor intend to It's a queer world and I doubt R will never like his native land Mexico is much better—but R'd never like this either Best stick to Italy I intended to

come back to Europe in May—shall still possibly do so—but more probably stay here. Witter Bynner, Amer. poet, is with us—and another young Californian. . . . We went to a bull-fight. hated it. It's a queer world. Glad you are doing well.

D. H. L.

### No. 23

DEAR ACHSAH

We had your letter yesterday—Capri sounds gay. Harwood must be growing a big girl. One day you must come and paint Mexico—it is very “different”. This is F. and me in the garden, with the Padre who owns the house, and the dog *Corasmin* and the parrots: I hope you got the Magnus book. F. sends love.

D. H. L.

### No. 24

*Jalisco*  
*Mexico*  
15 May

DEAR EARL

Just got your letter from Capri. No, you never wrote *me*. I answered Achsah's letter with a card—didn't know till then where you were. We have taken a house down here for a month or two—like<sup>e</sup> it—a big lake—but it's never so easy living as in Europe—especially Sicily. Yet I don't know if I shall go back—don't know what I shall do—the Lord enlighten me. When I move I'll tell you. I'm trying

to write a novel—Witter Bynner is still down here. We're rather better off for money When I get letters from Europe then I never want to go back When I forget the letters, I do You might run down here to see me Anyhow, write from New York.

No. 25

*Chapala*

*Jal*

29 June 1923

DEAR BREWSTER

Pardon this rag of a note We are leaving Chapala—expect to arrive New York July 15th—had your letter—hope to see you and Achsah and child in east (small e)— Write care Thomas Seltzer

Be greeted

D H. L

Your picture-book came Swank!

No 26

*Care Seltzer*

5 W 50th St

New York

14 Aug

DEAR EARL

I can't write letters no good The day of my letters is over

Frieda is sailing on Saturday by the *Orbita* to Southampton I'm not going I think I shall go

to Los Angeles, and get a boat and sail to the Islands : meet Frieda somewhere at the end of October.

America makes me feel I haven't a word to say about anything. Not that I dislike it so badly—but it seems unreal and makes me feel more remote.

I don't think I will come to New Haven now. We'll meet somewhere else, when the wheel has spun a little further.

Tell Achsah I'm glad she enjoys herself. F sends many greetings.

Yours ever,

D. H. L.

No 27

*Hotel Garcia  
Guadalajara (Jalisco)  
Mexico  
17 Oct '1923*

DEAR EARL

I got your letter and Achsah's—yours from the sea, Achsah's from Quai Voltaire—to-day when we came down from the mountains to here We came two days on horseback to here, and my knees are stiff

I was glad to get your letter I think it is as you say the cycles are slowly revolving which will bring us together again, it may be before long. It is always my steady desire, that a few people of us who take life from the same source, should live in contact and spin new threads Who knows—it might be quite soon Let us watch for the day

Frieda is in England (or Germany) She writes that England is best after all, and wants me to come

back But Mexico now is so beautiful, so blue with pure sunshine and enough coolness to make one feel strong, I am afraid of the old sky of Europe I *don't* care for the U S A I don't care for Mexico all down the West Coast, till you pass Tepic and the barranca and then it has a definite fascination for me It seems to me as if the gods were here I should like to stay the winter And then in the spring, if so be I must come to Europe, Europe let it be Else perhaps you might like to come here It is 5,000 ft up, so the nights are never hot, even in the summer And there is a great beauty. Yes, I should be happy if I could have a little ranch, and you and Achsah and the child a house two fields away, and perhaps other friends that one could ride over to, on horseback, not far I wish that would come true

And I'm sure you're right, one must have negation as a base Then a new thing

Tell Achsah, I think Frieda feels about Europe as she does except of course for the loving relations, F's being cis-Alpine and not trans But I'll hang on here a bit longer, see if I can't make a little start

Perhaps New York was a bit soon, to meet And it gave me a revulsion, made me want to go to the uttermost ends of the earth. Now I feel better Let us hope for the near future

D H L.

No. 28

*Del Monte Ranch*  
*Questa**New Mexico*

15 July 1924

DEAR EARL

We had your letter, and Achsah's. Capri seems so far away—so dim. I suppose it is the effect of this region

Frieda is the proud owner of a little ranch here at the foot of the Rockies, among the trees, two miles above Del Monte. We look far out over the desert—far beyond Taos, which lies below, 17 miles away. We had four Indians and a Mexican, to build up the rather dilapidated log cabins—now all is more or less ship-shape—and F and I live in the 3-room cabin—nice big rooms. A friend, Dorothy Brett, a painter who came with us from London—is in a tiny one-room cabin, and there is a 2-room cabin for visitors—when we get any. We have each our own horse, and ride down to Del Monte Ranch every day for mail and milk. It's our nearest point to the road. I myself find a good deal of satisfaction living like this alone in this unbroken country, which still retains its aboriginal quality—and in doing for myself all I need—the women doing the women's part—that is, Frieda does it. But I make shelves and cupboards, and mend fences, bake bread in the Indian oven outside, and catch the horses. I doubt if you would really like it. One has to be so much harder, and

more cut off out here. Either one stands on one's own feet, and holds one's own on the face of the land, or one is mysteriously pushed out 'America has really just the opposite vibration from Asia—here one *must* act, or wither and in Asia, it seems to me, one *must* meditate I prefer this, because it is harder But I think action—continual rushing round in motor-cars, etc—can be much more silly than meditation

I want to go down to Mexico City early in October. F. loves it here, but I hanker rather for old Mexico And I have a novel half finished down there, which I want to get done this winter Perhaps next year we may come round via China to India—have a standing invitation to friends in Daijeeling, far north, in the Himalayas I shall let you know. Meanwhile many greetings across the world, to you three We shall meet again—perhaps next year So arrivederci

D H L.

No 29

*Del Monte Ranch*

*Questa*

*New Mexico*

30 Sept 1924

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

I haven't heard from you did you get my letter? I ordered for you from Secker a copy of *Boy in the Bush* and of *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* Did you get them?

A very young couple—Ted Gillett and his wife Bobbie . . . are coming to Europe—rather shyly—and may land in Naples. If they do, will you look after them, for my sake? They have been very good to us. Pilot them into a pleasant *not* expensive hotel and help them to have a nice time—please.

We intend to go down to Mexico in a fortnight's time—but letters to the above address will follow us straight down. Write to us. And you must come really and see us out here—it's such lovely country—or in Mexico

Yours,  
D H LAWRENCE.

No 30

*Atencida Pino Suarez 43*  
*Oaxaca*  
*Mexico (Oax)*  
*9 Decem 1924*

DEAR EARL

Thank you so much for promising to look after the Gillett's a bit. Probably by this time they are in Italy. We have taken a house down here for the winter. It's a lovely climate, hot and sunny, roses and hibiscus and bananas, but not tropical heat. The town is isolated away in the south. In the mountains round, the Zupoteco and Mixtec Indians, little wild people, but sympatico. You would like it for a time. but not for long. I don't believe you would ever like the inner hardness, the sort of iron backbone that is the real characteristic of America. And don't ever think



of trying to settle in Santa Fe—Capri is *much* better, really I would rather live in Capri than in Santa Fe But some time, come and see us And some time, come and look at this dark, dangerous Mexico. It is perhaps the antithesis of India on the same plane I have a bit of longing for Italy I would have liked to walk with you in Calabria Perhaps in the spring we will sail to Naples and perhaps then we can walk in Calabria or the Abruzzi One needs a rest after America the hardness, the *resistance* of all things to all things, inwardly, tires one. Hope you had the M— book

D H L

## PART FOUR

1925



LETTERS FROM THE TWO MEXICOS, ON SHIP-BOARD,  
LONDON AND SPOTORNO

No 31

*Del Monte Ranch*  
*Questa*  
*New Mexico*  
29 July 1925

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

"I had a letter yesterday from my landlord in Oaxaca, and he said, a registered letter arrived for me, from Capri, but that the post-people would neither let him sign for it, nor would they forward it, but insisted on sending it back to where it came from. So if it is thrown back at you, know that it is because the Mexican post officials are more tiresome far than the Italians at their worst.

We have been here since May. I was so ill in Oaxaca, malaria and complications thought I'd never get out. However I'm about my usual self now. Frieda and I are alone—I milk the cow, Frieda looks after the chickens, and we both manage the four horses. Sometimes I drive the buggy, but usually we get an Indian or a Mexican. It's the kind of life I like for summer but the winter would be too stiff. Dorothy Brett is staying down on our neighbour's ranch she comes up most days. We

think of coming to Europe in the autumn: first to England, then Paris, then Baden-Baden, then Italy. So I hope with some confidence to see you perhaps in November. Let me know where you'll be. We shall be here till mid-September, I suppose. My agent's address always gets me, anyhow . . .

Brett thinks she might like to winter in Capri. She is a painter, very deaf, about as old as I am, has a modest but sufficient income, and is daughter of Viscount Esher. If she comes, I'll give her a letter to you, shall I?

Write and say how you are, and send news. And au revoir: arrivederci. Harwood will be Miss Brewster before we see her again, unless we hurry. Souvenirs!

D. H. LAWRENCE.

No. 32

s.s. *Resolute*

27 Sept 1925

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Here we are, nearing Europe once more. We land in Southampton next Wednesday—the 30th—I suppose we shall stay in England a month or so, then begin to move south—so probably shall see you before so very long. Send me a line to say if you are staying in Capri—I am looking forward to the Mediterranean. Write me c/o Curtis Brown

I don't know exactly when Miss Brett will sail for Naples—she wants to come early in October. I'm so afraid I forgot to give her a letter to you. She is a painter, and you would like her. I shall send her a letter now and try to get her.

This Atlantic is an unsympathetic ocean one never sees so much as a friendly fish

Oh, Achsah, we had your letter and the photographs of child and puppy. What a big child, and little puppy. But she's Mademoiselle now, with a vengeance, no more Missy to be seen.

It will be real fun, meeting her and all of you again.

Souvenirs.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

No. 33

*London*  
26 Oct 1925

DEAR EARL

We leave for Baden-Baden on Thursday. This climate is unbearable. I expect we shall stay a fortnight with my mother-in-law, Frau Baronin von Richthofen — Ludwig-Wilhelmstift — Baden-Baden, Germany—then come on south. Friends want us to stay on the Italian Riviera for a time—I am not sure. What are your plans? Let me know.

Miss Brett said she was sailing on 24th Oct from New York, and would stay in Capri in the Hotel

Webster Look her up if you hear nothing of her, will you?

I don't feel I am going to sit still all winter—I feel like going to Dalmatia—Ragusa, Spalato—and to Montenegro—and perhaps the Isles of Greece I'd love that What do you say? Achsah, what do *you* say?

Au revoir.

D H LAWRENCE

No 34

*Villa Bernardo*

*Spotorno*

*(Genoa)*

25 November 1925

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

I had your letter forwarded from London, two days ago Now I hear from Miss Brett that she is in Capri

I'M sorry, really, we couldn't come down I would rather have done so the Riviera means nothing to me But if Frieda is to have her children, and other visitors are to come, we have to be near enough Capri is too far

We've taken this house until end of March, but that doesn't mean we can't go away for a while I should like to move south when the spring comes—to see Amalfi and Sicily in February, leaving the big luggage here Are you really leaving Quattro Venti? And what are your plans afterwards? Myself, I feel

very vague. I don't even know if I want to go back to the ranch in the spring—though Frieda says *she* does Vediamo!

Italy feels very familiar. almost too familiar, like the ghost of one's own self. But I am very glad to be by the Mediterranean again for a while. It seems so versatile and so young, after America, which is everywhere tense. I wish we were all richer, and could loiter around the coasts of the old world, Dalmatia, Isles of Greece, Constantinople, Egypt. But it's no good, we've got to go piano—piano.

It will soon be December, and the turn of the year. Let us make some little plan for the early New Year—end of January or in February.

Brett writes rather dismally—but I'm sure she will soon cheer up. Have you seen Faith Mackenzie?—and how is she? Rina Secker, here, is a bit out of sorts. Nobody seems very lively nowadays. Time we made a new start.

Frieda sends her love. It really *doesn't* seem so far away now.

arrivederci

D H LAWRENCE



## No 35

*Villa Benado*  
*Spotorno*  
*(Genova)*  
 18 Dec 1925

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Very many thanks for your letters, and the Adelphis, and the poems. They are all safely here. And thanks awfully for being so kind to Miss Brett—we all call her “the Brett”. Hope the shouting isn’t a trial.

We go on very quietly here. I work a bit—not much—and walk in the hills, when the bitter cold winds haven’t laid me up with a chest. But it’s better now. In the daytime we live in the sitting-room with a terrace over the village and the sea, but at night we dwell in the kitchen, with a good warm “stufa economica”. which is anything but economical. Blessings on it, nevertheless. The Seckers come up in the afternoon to get thawed out. Oh icy Italy; where is thy fire-place, thou heartless and bitter cold!

I was disappointed in “D G”. I am never very fond of abstract poetry, not even Blake. And the theme of this I prefer in the old hymns and Vedas, in the original, when it had a quivering which is gone here. One *can't* put the mystery of Oriental philosophy in a rather brief, rhyming poem. But I wish L L weren’t so abstract. Breath, Beauty, all those capital letters on hollow bodies.

It is a pity we can’t have Christmas together. I like Christmas in Capri, and very much wish we

could have been there. But Frieda had her daughter over from Alassio for a few days: she is coming again and the elder daughter in January. It isn't the house that keeps one here. But in the spring we'll really meet, and do something nice when the almond blossom is out. I should love to walk with you—either in Calabria or Sicily. But it would have to be a bit warmer weather.

Many regards from us both, and a Happy Christmas

D. H. L.



# PART FIVE

1926



## LETTERS FROM SPOTORNO

No. 36

*Villa Bernardo*  
*Spotorno*  
*(Genova)*  
9 Jan 1926

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Now let's make some sort of a plan Do you think we could manage a boat? Why couldn't we possibly hire a little lugger just for two months, and do the Isles of Greece that way? Surely it would be possible!—and it would be lovely. Start towards end of March, when it would be warm on the sea I'd like that best.

'Alternatives'—perhaps a little flight to Spain. It wouldn't cost more than a trip in Italy But I do hanker after a boat

As you know, we've got this house till end of March I was so frozen in Sardinia in January, I think it best not to risk tours until March In Feb my sister is due to come here for a fortnight but she might back out

Now then, let's do something The ship for preference Or Spain in March—Balearic Isles, Majorca and Minorca—or central Sicily, that place, is it Castelvetro, in the centre, where the flowers

are really, really a wonder, in March. It's where Persephone rose from hell, each spring. Or Calabria—though most people get typhoid there, with the filthy water. Or Tunis, and to Kabowen, to the edge of the desert. Or across Italy to Dalmatia, Spalato and Ragusa, very lovely; and Montenegro. But with the ship we could do all that to a marvel. I could put £200 sterling to the ship: at present exchange, that is Lire 12,000. Let us get down to brass tacks. The spring will be here before we know it. Meanwhile, in these few weeks we can economize. Call a council of war. And if we can go south, I shan't think of Russia this spring.

I have ordered you a copy of *The Eternal Serpent* from London, for you both. Hope you won't find it too heavy. Ask Brett if she's got her copy of *Reflections on the Power of a Porcupine*. My copy came this morning.

Let's run up a little flag, and declare for something.

Ever,

D. B. L.

No. 37

Stoughton,  
Essex

DEAR FANNY

Being in bed with flu, I reply to your note on the only bit of paper I can reach. . . .

Brett says Achsah has a touch of flu. I've been in bed six days, and feel rather downcast. My sister

is here with a friend, in this fireless house—and it pours with rain, is cold, and dismal as Hades self in bed and Frieda cross. We've had awful weather for three weeks. My sister left Dover in bright sun.

Coraggio ! Bisogna farsi coraggio ! e sempre pazienza !

tante cose !

D. H. L.

I didn't have a letter lately from Achsah. . .

In the spring of 1926 Lawrence visited us in Capri just before our second journey to the East. Once again "our lugger" had to be postponed !

We showed him our paintings. He never left us in doubt regarding his reaction from a picture for he was as strong in his disapproval of some as he was warm in his appreciation of others. But I never felt that I understood the basis of his taste in pictures. Some of my more abstract ones he declared were inspired by bitterness and hatred. I did not understand. He disapproved of the abstract in painting, he hated the theory which led the artist to abstract forms. He hated the very word "abstract". Perhaps he felt that such work implied too great a dislike of concreteness and reality. I thought then that his judgements sprang too much from his literary predispositions. Now I perceive that the concrete and abstract are not opposing elements, but that a work of art should be created in the fullest possible awareness of both. I do not remember that we ever argued about Art or Aesthetic theories.



At this time Lawrence had not made any of the pictures which he later exhibited, but he frequently painted. As we were dismantling our studio he enthusiastically carried away all the left-over materials.

Lawrence stood at the gateway of Quattro Venti waving us a good-bye as our small carriage, piled high with luggage, bore us down the road for our departure to India. There we received the following letters.

No. 38

*Spolarno*  
*Sunday*  
*11 April*

DEAR EARL AND ACHESH

I have been home a week. I stayed ten days or so in Ravello—very nice. Brett liked it too. Then with my friends I came slowly north, staying in Rome, Perugia, Assisi, Florence, PAVENNA—and so here.

. . . The young are curious. Their feeling doesn't seem to hurt them, or cost them so much, as ours have done. And they are very good and gallant fighting against anything they think false or unjust. Altogether it's a queer business, life!

We leave this house in a week's time, go to Florence for a bit. I may go down to Perugia for a couple of months, and collect material for a book on Umbria and Etruscan things—they interest me very much. Or we may go to Germany: I'm not sure. I don't mind immensely where I go, so long as there is no great effort. Only I don't want to go yet to America.

Brett came up to Florence too—but not with me—but now I hear she is in Perugia, so probably she is moving south to Naples, to take her boat to America. She says she will sail, and I think it's best. She can't stand Capri any more.

I had a note from Alpha asking how you were.

As soon as I get an address I shall send you my play *David*. So write to me, and tell me all the news. I do hope you'll have a nice exhibition, and will sell many things. . . .

Tell Harwood I shall expect her to be a gentle oriental angel next time I see her.

tante belle cose !

D. H. LAWRENCE.

## LETTERS FROM FLORENCE

### No. 39

*Pensione Zucchesi  
Lungarno Zecca  
Florence  
25 April 1926*

DEAR EARL

I had your letter from Port Said so glad the journey was so pleasant, and you liked the books

We came here last Thursday—it has poured with rain ever since, and is perfectly vile. Florence, too, is irritable and out of temper—overcrowded for one thing. I had thought of staying perhaps a couple of months in and around Umbria, and doing a book on the Etruscans. But I notice, if ever I say I'll

do a thing, I never bring it off To tell the truth, I feel like going away—perhaps to Spain, or to Germany

. the young are so disconcerting in that they have no centre of belief at all No centre of real affirmation. They have epicurean and stoic qualities—courage and a certain endurance and honesty—very hostile to any form of tyranny or falsity—and then, nothing—a sort of blank As if they could only put up resistances They have, of course, a certain belief in pleasure, what is called “enjoying yourself”, but even that doesn’t go very deep It’s rather hard lines, really, they *inherited* unbelief like children who expected to be left rich, when their parents died, and find themselves paupers

The more I go around, the nearer I do come in a certain way, to your position I am convinced that every man needs a bo tree of some sort in his life. What ails us is, we have cut down all our bo trees How long it takes a new one to grow, I don’t know: probably many years. In a generation one can hack down forests of them Still, here and there in the world a solitary bo tree must be standing. “where two or three of ye have met together” And I am going to sit right down under one, to be American about it, when I come across one

Which is as good as saying, if you find a bit of bo-tree-shade in India, in that monastery of the hills or elsewhere, I’ll probably come along In the autumn, when the heats are over Only let me know You needn’t advise *me* to come Just tell me what you and Achsah and Harwood feel all three of you, honest to God

Because I really don't want to go to America · and I am getting weary, and wearier, of the outside world. I want the world from the inside, not from the outside Which doesn't mean, for me, killing desire and anger Greed, lust, yes! But desire and anger are from God Give me anything which is from God, desire or angel or communion of saints, or even hurts But nothing any more of the dreariness and the mechanism of man.

Brett sails for Boston on May 2nd She wants to go, and I feel it is her direction But in myself, every week seems to alienate my soul further from America I don't want to go west

I do hope you are having a nice time, and even selling some pictures One reads of riots in Calcutta, but they won't really affect you

Yes, I do think there is a bit of real communion between us . so let's stick to it Hasta otra vez.

D H. LAWRENCE.

No 40

*Villa Mirenda  
San Polo Mosciano  
Scandicci  
Florence  
Italy  
17 May 1926*

DEAR EARL

Yesterday came your letter from Belur, or wherever it is, enclosing the papers for Brett She is due to land in New York to-morrow—povera lei!—and due to be at Del Monte Ranch, Questa, New Mexico, in

ten days' time. I do hope she goes through without difficulty. I am not sending her papers till I hear from her

We have made a little move—taken the top half of this heavy old Tuscan villa for a year . . . It's very rough and no comforts, but nice stands on a bluff looking over the Val d'Arno. It's about seven miles out of Florence—and we're  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Vingone tram-terminus. absolutely unspoiled country, one family of English neighbours, and then never another forestiere, ever. It's very pretty country—Tuscan—farms on little green hills, and pine woods fringing the ridges.

Only the weather is impossible. a few days sun, then more pouring rain, and more. I get very tired of it. Everywhere is much too green. If only the sun would drily shine!

I'm glad you find India interesting, more so than you thought . . . It's nice to know the Swamis, and talk to them: but I don't see the point of bathing in the Ganges and reciting holy books merely. One needs a bo-tree, but one doesn't want to be tied to it by the leg, like a chicken on a string. Somewhere *between* the east and west, in that prophetically never-to-exist meeting point of the two, is really where one wants to be. I think in the autumn, if you are still there and it's not too costly, I should like to come out, alone. I should like to try the contact, too. "The way is not mine, nor thine, but it lies between us"

I hope you'll have a good exhibition of your pictures and sell some and get some money. If one

doesn't want exactly to make fiends unto oneself of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, neither does one want to throw oneself on its mercy. There are gods of evil, even Mammon, to be placated. One can't have it all one's own way. I'm going to try throwing a few sops to Cerberus myself—things like *The Plumed Serpent* have no profit in them, as far as Mammon goes.

I am reading about the Etruscans, and looking at their remains. They interest me. I suppose they are the dead opposite of Buddha : but not of Brahma or Siva.

I hope Achsah is really having a social good time, and Harwood is being a little angel to everybody.

arrivederci—

D. H. LAWRENCE

. . . . .

On our way to India we heard the merits of Syra sung so enchantingly by one of the former residents of that Greek isle, that we decided to spend the rest of our days there if not in India ; hence Lawrence's references in the following letters. When we went there on our return from the East we found a rather treeless island devoted to market-gardening where our sojourn lasted only four days.

No. 41

*Villa Mirinda  
Scandicci  
Florence  
2 July 1926*

DEAR EARL

Your letter of 9th June to-day I was wondering why you never answered my letters I have written you three and have received three—or four, counting the one to-day and the one from Port Said

I am glad that you are at Almora, among the mountains The feeling of India as bleak, rather ugly and dry-earth—treeless, has been gaining on me for some time Yet it would, I think, interest me, because, as you say, of the life I feel the spirituality of it has a curious physicality which must be a bit repellent, yet interesting too a spirituality which is essentially physical

We are still at this villa I told you we'd take the top half of it, six good big rooms, for a year But we plan to leave for Baden-Baden on July 12th—and spend the month of August in England, then in September come back here I like Tuscany, and especially here, it is charming

Whether we shall stay all the winter is another matter The isles of Greece attract me very much and one might go to Syra for a few months I am sure we should enjoy it But do you imagine we should want to live there all our lives? Of course, one has to try first One can't fix oneself on to an

unknown spot. And of course, one really hasn't enough money to keep on moving, and moving again. We would have to be wary. How does one live, in Syra?—in hotel, or are there houses to be had? And one goes from Athens? I should like to *see* Greece

There is the question of the ranch. Brett is there now, and says she is very happy, with Rachel Hawk and the two babies. We shall have to settle something about that ranch. Perhaps we shall have to go out there next April or so. But it's terribly far, and expensive, and I am not drawn any more to America, even to New Mexico. It is difficult to say what one will do. But probably for this winter we shall be here, or come to Syra, which after all is not so terribly far.

I am not seeing many people in Florence just those I have known before. I don't want to go to the villas. Sometimes I think it would be good to take a *permanent* place, a little more remote than this, perhaps in the Apennines. You remember that villa you spoke of, north of Rome? But a place not too large or expensive, so that one felt free to travel a bit. For that reason, this place is good. While we sit still we can save a few pounds. But we don't sit still long enough. A place near Perugia might be good somewhere unspoilt and not too remote. We are getting to the age when we shall really have to think of establishing ourselves in some little spot on the face of the earth. We can *try* Syra. But I am afraid of small islands.



Well, this is just to say *Saluti* to you all. Write and tell me all the news. I have been wondering very much, lately, why nothing came from you.  
arrivederci.

D. H. LAWRENCE

No. 42

*Florence*  
8 July

Down in Florence for a day—and it suddenly rains—hope it does so in India. We leave in four days for Baden-Baden. Do hope you're all well.

D. H. L.

No. 43

*Baden-Baden*

Very green and leafy and quiet here—I am wondering how you are. You'd like this Black Forest country. We leave for London on the 29th—shall look for word from you there. F sends many greetings with mine.

D. H. L.

## LETTERS FROM SUTTON-ON-SEA

No. 44

*Sutton-on-Sea**Lincs*

29 Aug 1926

DEAR EARL

I have not heard from you for a long time, though I was glad to get Achsah's letter.

I came down to the seaside here to stay with my sisters. Now Frieda has come, my sisters having returned to their homes. We shall stay at least two weeks longer, perhaps a month. I am waiting to hear from the people who are to produce *David*: they will give two performances at the end of October and are to begin the study and rehearsing any time now. I want to make what suggestions I can, and see them start, before I leave England. It is rather nice here on the Lincolnshire coast—flat country with big sweeps of sand, and a big sky, and low sea. It was here I first knew the sea, on this coast. I rather like being back in my own country, the Midlands. I don't care for London. But I feel my own region gives me something. And I liked Scotland.

I expect by the end of September we shall be going back to the Villa Mirenda, to Tuscany. The thought of the Isles of Greece appeals to me very much, but I doubt if I could come till about Christmas time, or early January. Why don't you go first,

and let us join you ? I should like to come very much indeed, when the Tuscan winter begins to be dreary

Write to me I hope you are enjoying these last months in India Achsah says you want to do quite a bit of sightseeing before you leave I expect it will be quite thrilling

arrivederci

D H L

### No 45

*Sutton-on-Sea*

*Lincs*

30 Aug 1926

DEAR EARL

Your letter of 3rd August reaches me to-day—after I'd posted mine to you this morning, to Almora

I'm awfully sorry you and Achsah are so ill It sounds to me as if you'd got malaria, though I hope you haven't What altitude are you? It may be mountain fever, owing to the rarity

I wish you were here—it is so blowy and blustery and sea-foamy and healthy, so very bracing I like it And I'm sad to think you won't see all those sights, Benares, Ajanta Caves, etc But perhaps you'll be feeling better, and try them

I think you'll be all the better though, for the experience The best of Eastern thought is surely eternal but one must maintain a more or less critical attitude What irritated me in you in the past was a sort of way you had of looking on Buddhism as some sort of easy ether into which you could float away

unresisted and unresisting. Believe me, no truth is like that. All truth—and real living is the only truth—has in it the elements of battle and repudiation. *Nothing is wholesale.* The problem of truth is: How can we most deeply *live*? And the answer is different in every case. And your Buddhism was, in a measure (I don't want to be wholesale either)—a form of side-tracking.

Believe me, you'll be happier, because you'll be truer to your own inner man, after this experience. You've got to get out of the vast lotus-pool of Buddhism on to the little firm island of your own single destiny. Your island can have its own little lotus pool, its own pink lotus. But *you yourself* must never try again to lose yourself in the universal lotus pool. the mud is too awful.

I shall be glad to hear you are safely on the way to Europe. I can promise, almost faithfully, to join you in Syra some time in the winter, if you go there. That is, I want to very much indeed. I am pining to see Athens and Greece.

Curiously, I like England again, now I am up in my own regions. It braces me up: and there seems a queer, odd sort of potentiality in the people, especially the common people. One feels in them some odd, unaccustomed sort of plasm twinkling and nascent. They are not finished. And they have a funny sort of purity and gentleness, and at the same time, unbreakableness, that attracts one.

My best wishes to you and Achsah, and in hopes of meeting soon.

D. H. L.

No. 46

*Villa Mirenda**Scandicci**Florence**Italy*

25 Oct 1926

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

I found a letter from you, when we got here just three weeks ago, saying you haven't heard from me. Yet I have written faithfully to Almora, and also to Bombay. Now I'll send this to Athens

I hope you've had a good time now in Benares and Delhi and Ajanta Caves. In spite of all, I should like to see those places, though not at any great cost to my liver. Aldous Huxley was here on Friday. How he loathed India! I think it frightened him with a sense of squalor.

We have been here three weeks, and it's been lovely warm weather, till it began storming three days ago. Now it's rather chilly, but sunny, and a lovely autumn, with the yellow leaves dropping off the vines, and the sumachs scarlet. I must go this afternoon and see about ordering wood. Soon we must light the stoves, I suppose. I'm always sorry when that begins.

I wonder if this will find you in Greece! I talked to John Mavrogordato about the Isles. He says the lesser ones are more thrilling, but there is nowhere to stay. I shall be very anxious to hear about Syra. Perhaps, even, in the spring we might have a boat and sail from isle to isle. My old dream! It seems a little

neater! If only one had a bit more money. It's the eternal *if*.

Brett says she will stay on the ranch all winter. I wonder if she will. We shall be here for some time, at least I hope so. The Stage Society are giving two performances of *David* in mid-December, and want me to go over at the end of November to help. I wonder if I shall!

Your book came to-day, and looks very nice, and I am glad to have it. I shall read it to Frieda, and we'll all learn the difference between a bo-tree and a crab-apple tree. I still haven't succeeded in raising a nice little bo-tree in a pot, which I can carry round with me. *Ma spero sempre!*

I shall be glad to hear you are in Europe. So write soon, and tell me how you are, you vicissitudinarians!

D. H. LAWRENCE.

No 47

*Villa Mirinda  
Scandicci  
(Florence)  
Italy  
26 Decem 1926*

DEAR EARL

I had your letter yesterday saying you were sailing for Port Said on Dec. 7th and would be in Athens for Christmas. Are you actually there? I am terribly anxious to know how you are, all three of you, and what it's like in Greece.

We are sitting here comfortable indoors, thank heaven—but very cold out, and bits of snow I haven't much to say for the Florentine climate: not enough sun: though the landscape out here among the hills is lovely.

Write as soon as you can to tell me about Syra. I am a bit held up, because I may have to go to London in mid-February to help with the production of *David*. They played *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* about a fortnight ago, and it made an impression, but was too tragic and gloomy in the last act, to please the audience. But *David* is a much more difficult play to put on. I must go and help

All the same, I'd love to come to Greece—even if not till after *David*, in March. So do write and tell me as soon as you can about Syra—how one manages, how dear it is, etc. In the spring, Frieda may go to America to sell that ranch. If not, she'd come with me to Syra.

I do hope you're safely landed and feeling in good trim. One day I want to go to Benares. For me, it is the Hindu, Brahman thing—that queer fluidity, those lively, kicking legs, that attracts me: the pre-Buddha. I should very much like to see it, and try it. But Greece first: which is not so far, nor so costly.

Many good wishes from us both for the New Year, to you three. I do hope you've got the sun—we haven't! au revoir.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

PART SIX

1927





LETTERS FROM FLORENCE (continued)

No 48

*Villa Mirenda*  
*Scandicci*  
*Firenze*  
2 Jan 1927

DEAR EARL

Your Syia letter just come! What a blow! Vegetable market-gardening, of all things!

Why don't you try this region?—it's very lovely, and *no foreigners*, and *beautiful* painting country—lovely old villas on each Tuscan hill—no doubt we could find you one . . . such a nice painting country. Let me know, and I'll ask about the villa R—. The best would be to say you'd go away for July and August—it's full of villegiatura Italians then—we go to England. But I know Achsah doesn't like north of Rome I find I like this unspoilt Tuscany very much. The tram comes to Vingone in  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour—and then we walk two kilometres—and there are pine woods, open and free, and beautiful I myself have taken to painting—quite biggish canvases—but figures mostly nude Wonder what you would say to 'em. At Florence the Pensione I— is quite decent, 40 a day if you arrange

Hope you're all right. Buoni auguri.

D. H. L.

In January of 1927, after my return from India (and Greece), I went to visit the Lawrences at Villa Mirenda. I was full of my Indian experiences. Few are the good listeners to one's travels and adventures—but how appreciative were Frieda and Lawrence! The weather was bitter cold—we sat around a roaring fire while I recounted to my heart's content what I had found in India.

Lawrence was always sympathetic regarding Hinduism. He declared "I have always worshipped Shiva."

"I am glad that at last you have found the many gods, and that you have left the One and the Absolute." When I replied that I believed in both the One and the many, he said "Oh, I am sorry, it is not as well with you as I had hoped."

We took happy walks over the Tuscan hills. An amusing incident of these comes now to my memory. When we would start forth a neighbour's dog always came eagerly to join us; approaching a farmhouse he usually disappeared for a few minutes, to return proudly carrying in his mouth a freshly laid hen's egg. Wagging his tail he would put it on the ground in front of Lawrence, waiting his permission before he ate it.

Lawrence had painted recently the pictures which were to be exhibited in London. I liked their colour, values and design. He referred often to their tactile qualities. Instead of a brush he frequently painted with his thumb. To me it is a mystery why these paintings caused such a disturbance in London—

surely such a reception would not have been given to them in Paris. He declared that after a morning of writing he found more recreation and companionship in his painting than in going out to see people, who generally left him tired and depressed. He communed with his creations.

No. 49

*Villa Muenda  
Scandicci  
(Florence)  
19 Jan. 1927*

DEAR ACHSAH

We were so pleased to see Earl, and though he only stayed two days, it was very nice, and really friendly. I think he's really got a lot out of India this time—the very disillusion is valuable, and then the glimpse of a new reality. I felt you'd had rather an anxious and nervous time of it, and I am glad to think of you sitting safely in the Villa Giulia. Don't wander far afield again, it's a big nervous expenditure and you'll have all the motives for your work that you need for the rest of your days.

I wonder where you'll find a house. I think your idea of buying a place is a good one, so long as you *know* the locality and the spirit of the place—and so long as you don't saddle yourself with a big house. This locality is lovely, but I know you don't want to come north of Rome, so don't press it. And there is nothing to prevent *our* coming south of Rome, later on. It would be nice if we could be neighbours.

We saw T. and his work yesterday, and it was very interesting. But to-day I feel as if some of the virtue had gone out of me. These modern artists, who make art out of antipathy to life, always leave me feeling a little sick. It is as if they used all their skill and their effort to dress up a skeleton. T. has lovely colour, and design—but underneath it is all empty, he pins all his beauty on to a dead nothingness. What's the good. I think I learned something from him—but rather what not to be, than what to be. I'm afraid I am more modern than these artistic anarchists.

Frieda sends many greetings to you, and is going to write—so she says, but she says it oftener than she does it. I am hoping we may all meet somewhere in the spring, in sunshine. We'll surely make a little trip south.

Remember me to Harwood, who, according to Earl, is becoming a real whopper. She'll be charading now with the Reynolds girls, and having another good time. Happy soul, she has so many.

I do hope you're feeling rested and yourself again. I expect you have begun to work. Do you mind giving Earl these O-letters?

arrivederci

D H LAWRENCE

No. 50

*Villa Muenda**Scandicci**Florence*

6 Feb 1927

DEAR EARL

Long since I had your letter—glad you find the Villa Giulia nice Do you feel restored to Capri? and have you got a house there for yourselves? Let me know From the Villa A—— I have heard not a single syllable Perhaps that little larvum of a man died outright, or went utterly speechless It's quite lovely weather here now, but much snow on the mountains I find myself rather fond of this place. I've only been into Florence once since you left—one afternoon and saw nobody I knew. Z—— has not been to see me, and never will He didn't care for me nor I for him . . . Why does one take these little people seriously, even for half an hour

I'm glad you like *Twilight in Italy* They seem to be liking it in England now, after twelve or thirteen years. It takes them so long to creep up I am expecting a packet of *David's* any day, and shall send you one the moment they come

You remember they are supposed to be producing *David* in London in April—in which case I ought to go to England end of March—which knocks our walk But perhaps they won't do it—and perhaps I shan't go I feel an infinite disgust at the idea of having to be there while the fools numble-pimble at the

dialogue They ruined *Mrs Holroyd* by trailing out the last scene all wrong Why should I bother about them.

There's no news this end—we go on quietly. I am in the thick of another picture *Eve Regaining Paradise* Don't take alarm at a title—that's another bit of modern nervousness As for mâte surface, I find, for myself, I hate it I like to paint rather wet, with oil, so the colour slips about and doesn't look like dried bone, as P——'s pictures do. And I'm not so conceited as to think that my marvellous ego and unparalleled technique will make a picture I like a picture to be a picture to the whole sensual self, and as such it must have a meaning of its own, and concerted action Thanks for telling about the hand and elbow · you're right I love a bit of real advice.

Tell me when there's any news

au revoir

D H L

DEAR ACHSAH—You are right to let Harwood read *Glad Ghosts* The sooner they read books that treat of sex *honestly* and with a bit of sincere reverence, the better for them, the young Their great danger is that they are flippant, impertinent and contemptuous to sex—that secret, dirty thing—till they've made a mess of it, and lost their chance I hope you're working away gaily.

D. H L

My new novel is three parts done, and is so *absolutely* improper in words, and so really *good*, I hope, in spirit—that I don't know what's going to happen to it.

## No 51

*Villa Mnenda*  
*Scandicci*  
*Florence*  
27 Feb 1927

DEAR EARL

Imagine your having to move again! But I'm among the people who like Ravello. Will you invite me? Frieda is probably going to Germany about the middle of March. If you and Achsah ask me, I'll come to Ravello for a week or ten days, then we'll go our walking trip. I don't think I shall go to England . . . let them produce *David* as they like. Why should I mix myself up with them personally! I hate the very thought of them all.

Or should we meet in Rome and look at those Etruscan tombs? If I asked Lord X—, he'd motor us to them all and have extra permits. I simply *can't* stand people at close quarters. Better tramp it our two selves. What do you think?

I do think it's awfully important to be honest with oneself. I don't see how one can even begin to be honest with other people. And as I hate lying, I keep to myself as much as possible. You and I are at the *âge dangereuse* for men. when the whole rhythm of the psyche changes. when one no longer has an easy flow outwards. and when one rebels at a good many things. It is as well to know the thing is physiological. though that doesn't nullify the psychological reality. One resents bitterly a certain swindle



about modern life, and especially a sex swindle. One is swindled out of one's proper sex life, a great deal. But it is nobody's individual fault: fault of the age, our own fault as well. The only thing is to wait, and to take the next wave as it rises. *Pazienza!* I feel in you a terrible exasperation. One has to go through with it. I try to keep the *Middle* of me harmonious to the middle of the *Middle* of the universe. Outwardly I know I'm in a bad temper, and let it go at that. I stick to what I told you, and put a phallus, a lingam you call it, in each one of my pictures somewhere. And I paint no picture that won't shock people's castrated social spirituality. I do this out of positive belief, that the phallus is a great sacred image. It represents a deep, deep life which has been denied in us, and still is denied. Women deny it horribly, with a grinning travesty of sex. But *pazienza! pazienza!* One can still believe. And with the lingam, and the belief in the mystery behind it, goes beauty. Oh, I am with you there. But as for life, one can only be patient—which by nature I am not. I think men ought to be able to be honest, to a sufficient point, with one another. I've never succeeded yet. *Vedremo!* And meanwhile one has to preserve one's *central* innocence, and not get bittered. O *pazienza!* But one does need a bit of trust, mutual trust. You have so many defences, and fences. *Pazienza! chi va piano va lontano!*

arrivederci

D H LAWRENCE

No. 52

*Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
Florence  
6 March*

DEAR EARL

Nice of you and Achsah to ask me to Ravello. Frieda says she'll go to Germany on the 17th—a week next Thursday. I'd go that day to Rome. Stay there a couple of days, and arrive at Amalfi on the 19th. I can find out when the boat leaves from Naples—but not, I think, till 10 o'clock.

What *I* should most like to do, for the trip, would be to do the western half of the Etruscans—the Rome museums—then Veii and Civita Castellana and Cerveteri—which one does from Rome—then Corneto, just beyond Civita Vecchia in Maremma—then the Maremma coast-line—and Volterra. Do you know any of these places? I should like to do them very much. If there were time, we might get to Chiusi and Orvieto—we could see. I have a real feeling for the Etruscans.

Let me know how you feel about this . . .

I think, alas, the fences and defences are born in one. One doesn't put them up. The devil is to put them down. One's ancestors hand them on, dead barriers—just the wrong ones.

Raining to-day!

Glad you like Ravello. I liked the Hotel O——

very much last year—but *floods* of trippers come to lunch

We'll talk when we meet Say grusse to Achsah for me—and to the imperturbable child, buddha-born

D H L

One day, after the promised visit to us in Ravello, Lawrence and I drove out to the end of the Sorrentine Peninsula returning to Sorrento on foot During that walk he told me the story—*Lady Chatterley's Lover* which he had recently written The joy of creation was still upon him: but he was in doubt regarding publication The manuscript had not yet left his possession. He talked much about the book, saying he did not wish to leave it unpublished: he spoke of its tenderness, and emphatically declared that to his mind it was not an improper book He reiterated, as in the past, that the only unforgivable sin is to deny life that there are no words which should not be spoken, no thoughts which should not be expressed: in the darkness of suppression and secrecy poison is engendered. when the hidden words and thoughts are brought into the clear daylight the poison departs. the author renders this service when he writes with reverence for life I had to agree with him, and to say if he could endure the misunderstandings and censure which the book would cause then he should publish it

Undoubtedly Lawrence thought of himself as a man with a message Once I heard him say it would be three hundred years before his writings would be

understood. To those who did not know Lawrence personally, and to his readers who may not have discovered the real man in his books, I must bear witness of the Lawrence I knew. He was a Puritan—a term I often heard applied to him in his presence, and one which he accepted and admitted. Those who read praise of licentiousness into his works, should know the disgust with which he regarded that quality. Nature he worshipped, and *natural* impulses he deeply respected, but that pathological condition when the *mind* is absorbed in sex he abhorred. It is true that Lawrence himself was possessed by the subject of sex—but in what a different way! His possession was like that of the doctor who wishes to heal. He deserves our efforts to understand him whether we succeed fully or not, or whether we can agree with him. It is clear that he believed mental life and sex should be more separate—even as our other organic life is more separate from the mental consciousness. To-day most of us deny and repress sex, or indulge ourselves in it without respect for its significance. He did neither, but tried to show that sensuality like sentimentality is false, while sensuousness free of mental tampering—is part of the divine life. Indeed the ancient story of the Garden of Eden seems to tell the same truth—when physical purity vanished with the coming of mental curiosity.

My first impression of Lawrence as the botanist, deeply loving nature, still seems to me to contain the essential truth of his character. I think of him as close to those Hindu worshippers of *Shakti*,—life,

vitality, power. In appearance he resembled the slender figure of the Greek Satyr, but curiously at the same time the British Nonconformist—*never* a Don Juan. Delicate and sensuous he was, yet decidedly with the austerity and self-respect of the Puritan.

Never during my years of intimacy with him—gay and free as were our hours together—believing as he did that what a man feels and thinks should be expressed—have I ever known him to tell a vulgar story, nor to joke and speak lightly of sex, never have I known him to treat or regard one human being with less dignity or less delicacy than another. Indeed he was the Puritan.

From Sorrento we started on our Etruscan pilgrimage, beginning with the museum of the Villa di Papa Giulia in Rome. With what lively interest Lawrence studied its treasures! In his writings on the Etruscan cities he has described our visits to Cerveteri, Tarquinia, Grosseto, and Volterra. I have not read all of those articles. I wonder if he describes our long drive from Montalto to Vulci, through the wildest country I have seen in Italy. The road crosses the ancient one-arched Ponte dell' Abbadia. The vast half-ruined abbey beside it, far from any other dwelling, was occupied by a few families who were most hesitant in having anything to do with us, even to selling us candles for the tombs. Yet when we went on to those excavations the whole male population accompanied us and patiently waited for us outside each underground chamber until we emerged.

How happy were our days at Tarquinia! The tombs are on a high plateau back a few miles from the sea. They number about a hundred and cover the area of a small city. We were thrilled by the freshness and beauty of their mural paintings. I felt Lawrence truly maintained Etruscan art has a certain sensitive quality not found in the Greek. The symbolism, as he explained it, seemed so convincing that I could but wonder at the variety of explanations archaeologists give to it. From the jewelled splendour of those dark tombs we came forth into the brightness of an April day and a blue sky, broken by hurrying white clouds. The fields through which we walked were gay with red poppies. Our guide unlocked the door leading to another tomb and we would descend again to behold the joyous scenes with which the Etruscans, of such a distant world, chose to decorate the homes of their dead. For hours we continued these alternations between past and present. Late that afternoon we took a long walk, into the valley below the plateau of Tarquinia and climbed to the top of a neighbouring hill. We made bold plans for the future, I at least little suspecting how soon Lawrence would lose even the strength he then possessed. Perhaps those were the last long walks he took.

My memory is that Easter morning found us at Grosseto. There we passed a little shop, in the window of which was a toy white rooster escaping from an egg. I remarked that it suggested a title—"The Escaped Cock—a story of the Resurrection." Lawrence replied that he had been thinking about writing

a story of the Resurrection later in the book of that title which he gave me, he has written. "To Earl this story, that began in Volterra, when we were there together." I am inclined to think *The Escaped Cock* the most beautiful writing Lawrence has left us, but I doubt the adequacy of its title, for which I myself might be blamed.\*

At Volterra our Etruscan pilgrimage ended. Lawrence climbed into the great motor-bus for Florence, and I took the train for southern Italy.

No. 53

*Villa Mirenda*

*Scandicci*

*(Firenze)*

14 April 1927

DEAR EARL

I got home all right on Monday night—pretty well shaken up, after five hours in that bus. But I caught the last tram, by the skin of my teeth.

On Tuesday morning Frieda set off to meet her daughter Barbara—who arrived all right, with a woman, elderly, as *duenna*. But the woman we have put down in the inn at Vingone, and now we're all trying to settle down. I feel a bit awkward and strange as if I hadn't all of me come back. But I suppose bit by bit one will gather oneself inside one's skin.

How did you get on? Hope you had a decent journey, and settled the bank business quickly, and

\* In England this book is published under the title *The Man Who Died*.

found everything all right at Capri. It is funny how unsettled one does feel. I felt, when I got back here, as if I didn't want to stay—didn't want it. But if one sits still a bit, perhaps that passes away.

I liked our Etruscan trip so much. Pity it was so short. When I feel more myself, I am going to try doing some sketches. The country between Volterra and San Gimignano is very queer and empty—very hilly in sharp little hills, and rather bare, and no villages. It would be nice to settle down one day in a district with few people. What people there were, seemed nice and fresh.

I found Frieda with a real bad cold—the tail end of which she handed on to me. She is better, but I am sneezing myself in two. No luck!

I found the N——s with a little marmoset monkey, which . . . they'd let get cold, so it is surely dying—just lying giving up the ghost—a really disturbing sight. Makes one realize the calamity of getting into the wrong latitude

. . . . .

Well, let us know which spoke of the wheel of Destiny is coming round at you. One could wish the knees of the gods a little more comfortable, since one is left so long upon them. Tell Harwood I'm not forgetting her ribbons.



No 54

*Villa Mirinda  
Scandicci (Firenze)  
28 April 1927*

DEAR EARL

Why haven't I heard from you? It is near the end of April, you must be going somewhere—write and tell me where

I bought Harwood 14 very nice hair-ribbons, and someone *stole* them from my pocket! But I'll buy them again

. . . . .

I'm not painting—but wrote a story of the Resurrection—show it you one day

Send a line.

D. H. L.

c

No. 55

*Villa Mirinda  
Scandicci  
Firenze  
3 May 1927*

DEAR EARL

Your letter to-day So the vacuities are still empty!—especially the material and domiciliary ones Don't bother about the "inside" ones . William Archer told a friend *how* he suffered, just the same way But you patiently put up with it, and you come through to something else, another, freer self We have been

too repressed and too "spiritual" all our lives and too much insisted on the sympathetic flow, without a balance of the combative. Now the hour-glass turns over

I forgot to tell you that forwarded from C—— came a cablegram from Mabel and Brett urging us all to go to Taos. There is a house for all of us, quite independent, and lots of room. You would have a studio—maybe even two. There are horses to ride. And the country is *most* beautiful. I think, if you decided to go, you would like to stay at least a year. And I suppose we'd come too. As for the Italian countryside, God knows I'm not sure that one couldn't live anywhere, if one just settled down to it. *Don't* take too much notice of your moods. Don't pay too much attention to your vacuities—they'll pass. It's a physiological state, grin and abide and wait till you're through. It doesn't much matter where you live—within reason.

I'm supposed to be going to London at the end of the week for at least a month. They are producing *David* on May 22 and 23. I've promised to go. There is something very antipathetic to me about going to London, and especially in fuddling with theatrical people over that play. Even *David* itself is quite out of my mood at present—I feel I don't want to see it or hear it or even think about it. We've got a revolt of the angels going on inside us: or of the devils. I don't care. I am prepared for anything. If the leopard can't change his spots, perhaps I can mine.

Frieda's daughter goes back this afternoon · so of course it's raining for the first time since she has been here. And we'll be going down with Pietro in the baroccino

You heard the catastrophe of Harwood's ribbons : just stolen from me Really, it must be about the bottom of the wheel of fortune, with the Brewster family Wheel is bound to make the upward turn now. I'm ordering you the song-book with Widdicombe Fair in it—

“ Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare.”

I'll buy the ribbons over again

I wrote a story of the Resurrection, where Jesus gets up and feels very sick about everything, and can't stand the old crowd any more—so cuts out—and as he heals up, he begins to find what an astonishing place the phenomenal world is, far more marvellous than any salvation or heaven—and thanks his stars he needn't have a “mission” any more It's called *The Escaped Cock*, from that toy in Volterra Do you remember?

I'll see if I'm up to Mrs D and daughter

We've been lent Weege's book on the tombs—all the illustrations—very interesting indeed I got photographs too from Alinari—and on the one from the Tomba dei Tori, the two little improper bits, “un poco pornografico”, as brave as life Amusing!

D. H. L

No. 56

*Villa Mnenda**Scandicci (Firenze)*

13 May 1927

DEAR EARL

Well, how is it with you ? I've been malarial and down in the mouth for about ten days, feeling as if I'd never rouse up again. O vita ! O mors ! I've put off going to London, in spite of a guilty conscience and lamenting letters—but I really wasn't fit. And I've had a spell of loathing the Italian countryside altogether, and feeling that Italy is no place for a *man* to live in. I nearly decided to go off to Bavaria. But it all costs so much—and I think the discontent is inside me, and I'd better abide and wait a bit. But O miserere !—I've taken the house at least for six months more. And one had better save up one's resources, for if one really wants to make a long move later. No use fidgeting. I heard from a woman just passing from Egypt, she thought Cyprus such a good place—big, beautiful, and still cheap, and hardly touristed. and more or less under British guardianship, so one needn't be murdered or robbed. Il y a toujours le Chypre.

I didn't see Mrs S S. I feel I never want to see an unattached woman any more while I live. Specially an elderly one. I. S. now looms—with Y C. But I feel Florence won't hold 'em long. If only one felt strong enough and snorting like a war-horse. But I'm absolutely a fading lily. I can't hold up to the blast of their *will*.

We've had a week's rain, but now it's sunny The country really is the most flowery I've ever known, and I get a certain consolation out of that I found a very fine rare white orchid to-day, and a dark purple and yellow wild gladiolus, unknown to me

What are you doing? Are you going to the house on the Grande Marina? I'm going to try and sit still till July I did paint a bit of my Resurrection picture—un poco triste, ma mi pare forte I got him as impersonal as a queer animal! But I can't finish it Non ho la voglia—I've no will and no guts for anything, feel so unlike myself lo spettro di me stesso! Time we all did a bit of resurrecting. siamo mezzo sepolti! Chi sa, come va a finire! If ever you open your trunks, send me some photographs for postures. I get stuck

I've not been into Florence for ages—but I ordered you the songs. How is Achsah? Hope all's well

D. H. L.

## No 57

*Villa Mirinda*

*Scandicci*

*Firenze*

15 May 1927

MY DEAR HARWOOD

Here are a few ribbons—your Aunt Frieda got them yesterday in Florence—not the same as the bunch I bought myself for you—but who knows what villains or villainesses are bedizened up with them now, those others If these aren't quite what you

want for your hair, you can tie up charming bouquets with them to present to your mother's elderly—lady—guests. Otherwise there is always dear, dumb, smiling Rose\* to embellish, who never says a word, thank God.

I am wondering what is happening to you! You've been a full month in that hotel: at least, your parents have. Heavens, what waifs and strays! I suppose you'll land in another "beautiful pretentious villa". It's become a habit.

Have you begun bathing? It's rather cold here, after the thunder storms, that is, compared to the heat before. But I feel better when it's fresco. The garden is full of roses, and the poderi full of peas and beans and carciofi, which is all to the good: really a happy vegetarian moment.

Well, I hope things are happening nicely for you all. Be an angel, and hold your chin up.

lo zio.

DAVID.

No. 58

*Villa Mirenda*

*Scandicci*

*Firenze*

19 Maggio 1927

DEAR ACHSAH

We went to Florence to-day—found your letter when we came home—pity I don't remember my own words of wisdom—I might extract a bit of comfort out of them, as one used as a child to extract

\* A doll

out of those round little white pebbles we called "milk stones", and sucked in the firm faith that one sucked milk out of them. Did you do that? To me they always tasted of rich lush milk! Mere stones!

Remembered with a rush in Florence your request about a *large* amethyst set in pearls—so enquired at a good shop . . .

So you are going back to R——! Beware of the light. And tell Earl to buy a bottle of *Bitter Campani*—(not Cordial)—19 Liras—and take it before meals, in water—very nice, and invaluable for liver in a livery place like R——.

No news here—rather hot—and Florence one of the most irritable towns on earth—as usual. Everything very expensive, with the exchange at 88 to a pound. We may go to Germany.

Saw—lunched to-day with E—— N—— and the L——s . . . but to tell you the truth—à la D. H. L.—I can't stand high-browish spiritual up-soaring people any more—make me sick—and V—— and P—— Oh God—how much nicer the Prince was when he served up a naked Cora Pearl on a huge silver platter, with a lemon in her mouth, as the pearl of fishes. T—— ought to have been served up that way to-day. Give me coarseness!

I'm feeling better—as you may guess.

They'll do *David* without David H. Damn them anyhow.

When do you go to R——? We may sort of dribble on here till mid July.

If I can do anything further for you in the pearl  
(not Cora) and amethyst line, let me know  
Meanwhile remember me to everybody at R—  
... and salute the two nice meek handmaidens  
from me.

I suppose Harwood got her ribbons at last—poor  
dear!

D. H. L.

Went to the exhibition of modern Florentine in  
the Belle Arti. P—— looked very feeble. A rather  
good man—Colocicchi or something like that—such  
good painting of the banal—a bit like Rousseau, le  
Douanier—and then a funny original Rosai, with a  
keen sense of ugliness—interesting—the rest piffle,  
... at least those I saw! So old-fashioned and  
timid and gutsless. How is yours going? I'm stuck.

No. 59

*Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
(Firenze)*

28 May 1927

DEAR EARL

So you lie and muse of Cyprus—with a “u” in  
English, unlike Harwood’s hunymoon—and of bo-  
ties and winding lanes, silence and the sea, long  
conversations, disciples and success. Caro, it’s no  
good. We shall never go to Cyprus, nor to any other



happy isle You will hover round Capri, and I shall go out into the world again, to kick it and stub my toes It's no good my thinking of retreat I rouse up, and feel I don't want to My business is a fight, and I've got to keep it up I'm reminded of the fact by the impudent reviews of the production of *David* They say it was just dull I say they are eunuchs, and have no balls It is a fight The same old one Caro, don't ask me to pray for peace. I don't want it I want subtly, but tremendously, to kick the ball-less There are so many of them 'S *got no ballocks!* we used to say of the measly-mouthed, when I was a boy They must be kicked for it—kicked

I think, later on, I shall go back to America for a time That rouses the fight in me America is a good fighting country There's no spunk in Europe. Probably even I'll take my pictures to America and show them there Doesn't that rile you, to think of? Why don't you do the same? Heaven helps him who helps himself Spunk, my boy! and a fight Probably we'll go to New Mexico next year—one knows the pitfalls and the snares—but one must keep one's pecker up You've never fought enough I, perhaps, too much But *avanti uomini! Siamo sempre uomini liberi!*

I still propose Bavaria in July I would like mountain air for a time, and to be among a fighting race One goes a bit saddened in Italy I believe I could never stay in this country longer than two years on end. Perhaps not in any country What's

the odds! You'd better perhaps come along to America too, later on.

I finished my Resurrection picture, and like it. It's Jesus stepping up, rather grey in the face, from the tomb, with his old ma helping him from behind, and Mary Magdalen easing him up towards her bosom in front. Now I must think of a really thrilling subject for a new picture—have you got any idea?

Achsah didn't mention those X——s. He looked like a rat, exactly—a large, beady, foraging sharp rat—and she like a weevil.

I've ordered a book with the pictures of the other Indian Cave—forget its name—not Ajanta. The India Society is just bringing it out—2 guineas: but it looked very attractive.

Would you like to send me a pair of those rope-soled Capri shoes . . .

au revoir.

D. H. L.

No. 60

*Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
(Firenze)*

*Thursday 9 June*

DEAR EARL

Many thanks for the shoes, which came yesterday. They are a great success, and Frieda is very pleased with hers. . . . says they're gothic—nearly as good as that Mr L.—who said "To me it's Chartres! Chartres!"—over the little old knitted silk tobacco pouch. . . .

M and B are in Florence . . . Really, *nothing* is worse than these Americans. They've cut out *everything* except personal conceit and clothes. I was in the Uffizi—Uffizi—Uffizi??—with them yesterday—"My, look what awful hands she's got!" is all that comes out of B, for Lippo Lippi—they've never even *heard* of Botticelli—call him Bo'acelli, with the stopped breath instead of the 't'—they don't know what the Renaissance was. Standing in the Piazza Signoria I say—There's that Michelangelo *David*—and they reply . which one is it then?—that one at the end?—meaning the Bandinelli. Then B discovers that—"that guy's got a stone in his hand, so I guess he's the nut" It's partly affectation, but it's such a complete one that it's effectual. They simply *can't* see anything. you might as well ask a dog to look at a picture or a statue. They're stone blind, culturally. All they can do is to call a man "that guy" or a woman "that skirt" M. would *like* to be able to see but it's too late the American cataract has closed over her vision, she's blind. B frankly loathes anything that wants to be looked at—except herself, other girls, clothes and shops. But it's a process of atavism so rapid and so appalling, I could kill them dead. It's pure atavism. They've negated and negated and negated till there's *nothing*—and they themselves are empty vessels with a squirming mass of nerves. God, how loathsome! . It's horrible. And it's largely the result of an affectation of "freedom" from old standards, become a fixed habit and a loathsome disease. Because

there's the elements of a nice woman in each of them  
. And I feel I'd rather go and live in a hyena  
house than go to live in America  
So much for me !

Nevertheless, I think the world must be fought,  
not retreated from.

Did you get *Mornings in Mexico*? I had my  
copy.

I began the Etruscan essays : have done Cerveteri  
and Tarquinia so far. They interest me very much  
One can get lovely photographs from Alinari's so one  
could make a fine book Perhaps Frieda and I will  
do a trip to Cortona, Arezzo, Chiusi, Orvieto, Perugia  
next week or the week after—before we go to Ger-  
many—so I could do enough essays—or sketches—  
sketches of Etruscan Places—for a book That would  
keep us here till end of July—then we'd go to Ger-  
many . . . .

The time goes by quickly, now the hot weather is  
here But I like it like this

Thank Achsah for her letter. You'll be glad to  
settle down in R again—not long now

I believe it's going to rain !

D. H. L

## No 61

*Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
(Firenze)*

MY DEAR EARL

Forte dei Marmi was beastly, as a place - flat, dead sea, jellyfishy, and millions of villas. But the Huxleys were very nice with us, and they have such a nice little lad. We motored home via Lucca. It is much the best here, where we have space and cool and the woods to go in. We took supper out last night, and from the top of the hill watched the fireworks of San Giovanni day in Florence—it was amusing—and man with his fireworks seems curiously silly, in the distance. But up there was almost cold—too cool, anyhow.

I had imagined you transferred to B. God! the place will be thick with "huney" by the time you get there. How beastly it all is! I do think you should find yourselves any bit of a house, rather than be left at other people's mercies and honied delays. Do look in Anacapri for something.

I wrote my essay on Volterra—made me think of you. One day we will really go after more Etruscans together. Meanwhile I think I shall go to Arezzo and Cortona, Chiusi, Orvieto, Perugia with Frieda, towards end of next week. I'd like to do those places before we leave. With Cerveteri and Tarquinia, Vulci and Volterra, that makes nine of the great

cities—the twelve. But it leaves a whole bookful of little places—Vei, Civita Castellana, Norchia, Vetulonia, Cosa, Populonia, Bieda—we might do those, and make a second vol—after.

...

We stay on here—thinking of going to those Etruscan places. I had a sore chest again this week, and felt “low”. It’s not really better yet. What have the gods got against us. I feel really sfortunato, sometimes.

Tell Harwood I’ll write her a letter

My dear chap, don’t expect heaven—in the shape of other people, ever to do anything for you. You’ll be let down. And remember, one of your most dangerous troubles is a certain *idleness*—forgive me, I don’t mean “do-nothing”—what Rochefoucauld calls the passion de la paresse—“le repos de la paresse est un charme secret de l’âme—la paresse est comme une beatitude de l’âme, qui la console de toutes ses pertes, et qui lui tient lieu de tous les biens”. And I’m afraid the danger of Buddha to us, is that he tends to foster in us a peculiar paresse de l’âme. You ought *really* to solve at least a bit of your present difficulty—the homeless houseless bit. These hotels and R’s are no good. Decide something, really. This indecision for you is like a sickness. You’ve drifted now long enough to realize that you aren’t moving anywhere, you’re only becoming water-logged and really derelict. *Decide something*, before the first “days” of July!

D. H. L.

No. 62

*Villa Mirenda*  
*Scandicci*  
(*Firenze*)  
*Mordaz*

DEAR EARL

. . .

Your letter and Achsah's also came Glad you like *Mornings* I like *Indians and Entertainment* and *Hopi Snake Dance* best: but all women seem to like *Corasmin* best.

About Cyprus: really, would it, even if it were nice, be very different from here? Here we have space and quiet and can be left absolutely alone if we like—and there's the woods to go in—Cyprus might add the sea—but then also it would add a thousand difficulties of distance and language. I don't a bit agree with Achsah and Milton—I usually disagree with John—that the mind to me a kingdom is. At least, it is a kingdom, but so is England a kingdom, a tight and unsatisfactory one in which I should die outright if pinned to it. So with the mind One's *ambiente* matters awfully. At the same time, you like Capri—you always want to go back to it when you've been away—and you stay a good deal within your own gates, when you've got any So that the odds, even for you, between Capri and Cyprus are not enormous. As for building, it seems to me a terribly expensive moment: the same for buying. Yet if Achsah has the money, and the real

will to do it—well, then it's her affair. She doesn't want to be dragged off to distant and difficult places: that's flat. If she'll be happy all her life on Capri—then you'll be as happy there as anywhere else. Remember how you can't rest on your feet, when you are away, until you get back there again. *Don't have* ideas about places, just because you're not in them. All places are tough and terrestrial. If Achsah wants to fix up a place on Capri *really* then don't prevent her. You'll live there peacefully enough most of the year, tourists or no tourists and once you've got a place of your own, you'll be able to leave it for some weeks at a time, and try other spots . . .

Seems to me the best thing for you to do is to let Achsah fix herself up in the way she wants to—if she *really* wants to—and you accommodate yourself as far as is necessary. *You* have nothing to propose except places in the air. So let Achsah go ahead.

As for Cyprus, we'll go there one day—why not. But an island known is better than twenty isles unknown. You stick to Capri. It's easy to leave, any fine morning—for twenty liras. Cyprus would cost twenty pounds sterling to get out of

. . .

I want to go etruscanizing at the end of this week—weather being decent. It's wild windy and weird to-day.

I don't know of any decent American book on the yoga—the one I read, the very first I ever read, was called *The Apocalypse Unveiled*—I forget the author.



It's not important But it gave me the first clue It is quoted by writers—western—on yoga matters—usually rather scornfully

. . .  
It's a pity one needs houses and home. But one *does* · no matter how much the mind is its own country.

D H L

No 63

*Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
Firenze  
Friday*

DEAR EARL

I've been in bed three weeks with bronchial hemorrhage—brought on by sea-bathing—doctor said Am up and creeping round a bit now—and we hope to leave for the mountains in Austria on August 4th There's my joyful news—it's been beastly. . . .

Greet everybody from me.

D H. LAWRENCE

## LETTERS FROM AUSTRIA, GERMANY AND FLORENCE

No. 64

*Hotel Fischer  
Villach  
Karnten  
Austria*

10 August 1927

DEAR EARL

We got here on Friday, and very much relieved to be in the cool once more, to have a cool bed and drink fresh mountain water. One can stand heat while one is well, but as soon as one goes off colour, it is very trying

I am a good deal better already, for these few days higher up Villach is a little old German town, with a quiet, full, silent river flowing through, from the ice—the Drave—and at present, lots of visitors in Tyrolese short leather trousers and women with bare arms and little coloured aprons—you know the style of thing—all on the move, to the mountains, from the mountains, tiamp, tiamp, tramp It is very different from Italy, and for the time, very refreshing.

I suppose we shall stay here another fortnight—Frieda's younger sister and husband are here—then move on to Bavaria, where we are due to spend September I expect we shall be back at the Mirenda by the middle of October I do hope to heaven my chest will stay right.

I am so glad you enjoy E. in the summer, and are all busy working. One must either work or travel, it seems to me. I am no good as a meditator.

..

Remember me to Alpha. Tell Achsah we had her letter.

affmo

D. H. LAWRENCE

No. 65

*Hotel Fischer*

*Villach*

*Karnten*

*Austria*

*17 August 1927*

MY DEAR HARWOOD

I have owed you a letter a long time—but have been such a sad bird with my precious chest, so you must accept my excuses

I couldn't help buying you a shiny hair-ribbon of this peasant ribbon—I've got another also; if this one comes safely, I'll send it: a green one. I think they're rather smart, but Frieda thinks they're "loud". They can be deafening, for what I care: they are gay

We stayed on here in the little town, instead of going out—about 6 miles—to the lake, because the hotel there is so hotelly. But F's sister and husband insist we ought to join them there. It's very nice, a clear little green lake with steep pine-covered sides and little peasant clearings—everything very green and fresh, still forget-me-nots and harebells—and

blueberries I find it *very* refreshing to come north, after a year in Italy. And the Austrians are amusing, so big and healthy and happy-go-lucky—they lie about with very small bathing-drawers, by the lake, and it's perfectly amazing, what huge great limbs they've got. They're like sea-lions, so inert and prostrate. Nobody has much money, and the poor people want to make a revolution every five minutes—but I can't see what there is to revolute against. It's all somehow beside the point—and like being asleep. Your Aunt Frieda goes swimming like the rest, and is so frightened at the size of the others, she eats no tea. I have a bit of cake all alone.

I am better, but not bouncing, and the cough is a nuisance, and I wish I could get a new breathing apparatus. But it's no good grumbling

I suppose you *are* bouncing as ever; holding up your chin and being a Schwannhild and a Melisande and a willow-wand and all that I hope you are having a gay time at E. give the blue Venus a kiss from me, and wipe young Mercury's nose. As for the rest of the statues, I refuse to have any communication with them

Herzliche Grusse

DAVID.

## No 66

*Hotel Fischer  
Villach  
Karnten  
Austria*

*Monday 22 August 1927*

DEAR EARL

I had your letter—glad all goes well at E—but don't envy you that heat. It's almost cold here—and I like it—but sunny. I'm much better, though now sneezing violently, for a variation.

I think one can summon up energy—in fact, am sure. But it is much easier to summon it up if one has an object in view—that is, for some definite purpose—than just for the sake of having the energy. And curiously, it seems much easier to summon up energy for some egoistic or mercenary purpose, particularly for the enforcing of the egoistic *will*, than for a good purpose. For a good purpose, or a good flow, it seems much easier to summon up energy collectively—if two or three are gathered together. But the charlatan and the witch and the fakir can summon up a lot of energy just for their own ends. I'm surprised what a lot of that there is in the world—especially in the business world—a fakir—like energized charlatanry, consciously self-energized. I believe Y. D. and T. N. were that way, and very many others. *Que veux-tu?*

We are still here—shall stay presumably another week, till the 29th. Then from the 1st Sept the address will be                    we shall have a wooden chalet-

house there—belonging to F's sister—and shall stay the month, I expect.

I enclose this little cheque which I found in my bag. If the other one has already turned up, give this to Harwood, and she can buy herself a powder-puff and a pot of rouge.

To-day is Jahrmarkt here, and I hear the lowing of cattle and the neighing of horses in my ear, so will get up and look at the spoil of the Amalekite. It is a sunny day with an almost chill air, a bit of snow on the mountains.

I'm glad you are all busy painting. Do my orange-coloured nymphs and fauns look a sight? I bought water-colours here, but so far, have not wet a brush.

I don't think we shall stay long in the Mirenda. Probably in the New Year we shall go up into the mountains, perhaps Cortina, to the snow. The mountains seem better for me. Alas, the lotus is not my blossom, though it's a lovely flower—

•What are your plans too?—indefinite E.? I should think lotus flowers would grow well in a pool there—if there is ever a pool . .

Herzliche Grusse.

D. H. L.

## No 67

*Irschenhausen  
Post Ebenhausen  
bei Munchen*

17 Sept 1927

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Your letters to-day! *Now* what's amiss? And what has Achsah been "learning". I know that always means the sadder and wiser sort of thing

And so you're once more flotsam! For goodness sake, cari miei, take a direction and swim for it I do think this being washed about by wayward currents is too enervating While you're in Rome, *really* look if there isn't a house in the hills north of Rome: but look *determinedly* I begin to think Capri perhaps does you harm I'm sure you'd be able to rent a decent house, if only till next summer—ask the agents—and really try somewhere else But do, do spit on your hands and get a grip on the Roman country, and try something there, before going back to Capri Then if it *must* be Capri, let it be Capri, and beat no more about the thorny bush But do *do* look in the etruscan villages on the old road to Florence, about thirty miles out of Rome I feel they'd be nice Something has collapsed in your old order of life Now accept it as collapsed, and prepare another thing Several of the archangels have broken their wings lately, and will fly no more So we have to adapt ourselves to a world without archangels, and accept a lesser brightness, but perhaps a shadow that is eventually more satisfying

Make friends with the new shadow of destiny, and then look for a place to live in. But it is time to know earnestly that there has been a change, that the wings of the archangels have snapped at last, that there are no sheltering wings, only a strange new shadow which after all will have many mansions

Myself, I am glad to be here, in this little wooden house with the forest round the back, and in front the wide open valley going to the blue mountains. I like the dark fir-trees, and the clearings where we see the red deer. I like the deep, matted wet grass where the harebells are now so dark blue, and the chicory heavenly. I love above all the stillness of innumerable trees that are none the less silently growing, and pressing themselves on the air so softly yet so indomitably. I am glad not to be in Italy for a while. I don't mind if it rains some days, and is dark. I like it. I don't mind that it is rather cold, I like it. I find Italy has almost withered me. Here something softens out again.

I don't do much except take walks in the forest, and translate Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and play patience. I am glad when I don't work—I have worked too much.

To-night Frieda's daughter Barbara is coming, but only for a few days. We shall stay here, I think at least till 1st Oct., perhaps longer, if it doesn't turn too cold. Then we must go to Baden-Baden for two weeks, so we shan't be home at the earliest till middle October, probably later. I suppose you wouldn't like to camp in the Mirenda for a month? If so, there it is,



for what it is. you've only to write to M they'd arrange for you.

Thank Harwood for her letter, which I got the first days here And all good wishes from us both to you all

D. H. L

No 68

*Villa Mirinda*

*Scandicci*

*Firenze*

*Friday, 21 Oct 1927*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

We got back here yesterday—had your letter, Achsah, the last days in Baden I hope the dentisting is done. miserable job I've got a tooth started to hurt, so am in for it as well—miseria! Frieda had her whack in Baden

Well, what news have you got?—that sort of 'no news which *isn't* good news still? I hate to think of you suspended over the void, but apparently it is in your destiny As for myself, I don't feel much terra firma under my feet I wasn't a bit keen to come back to Italy I don't know why, but Italy has sort of gone dead for me seems sort of stupid I have fits like that Still, I suppose we shall stay here a few months, since here we are. then pull out, I don't quite know where to But out of Italy anyhow Frieda loves it here but since I was ill, I look round at it all, and it means nothing to me, though it's quite nice So between

now and January or February I'll think of a move. We can't afford anything expensive · am afraid shall have to refuse the invitation to Egypt. But even that doesn't trouble me vastly Am in a don't-care mood.

I don't feel a bit like work yet shall have to tackle a few things Secker wants to do my collected poems . that means typing them out and arranging and doing . then he's bringing out a vol of short stories in January . and then I *ought* to finish the *Etruscan Essays*, of which I've done just half But I feel terribly indifferent to it all, whether it's done or not Four of the *Etruscan Essays* are to appear in *Travel*—beginning in November I think—with pictures. You see they have to go in a *picture* magazine But they'll be cut down Then that resurrection story *The Escaped Cock*, suggested by a toy at Volterra at Easter—that the American *Forum* had bought—a weird place for such a story I don't know which month they'll do it . They did my *Nightingale* sketch in Sept and seem to have got off with it very well As for the novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, I'm keeping it under lock and key I won't publish it, at least now.

I might begin a painting of Adam and Eve pelting the old Lord-God with apples, and driving him out of paradise—but I've got no canvas, and shall never go to Florence—and I don't care either

So there's David sitting on his thumbs

So I hope you've really had a lucky streak, and come across something.

Perhaps in destiny Italy is finished for us

I enclose ten liras for the postage of the painting—perhaps the sight of that coy nymph and grinning man—very orange I remember them—might start me daubing a bit, if Earl wouldn't mind sending the canvas—I know posting things is an awful bore.

What is Harwood doing, amid the general irresolution? Saying naught, like a wise child still?

Well, send us a line, anyhow.

Love!

D. H. L

No. 69

*Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
Firenze  
8 Novem*

DEAR EARL

Frieda went in to Florence yesterday and got the ruddy nymphs. Those people never notified us. I think I like it almost best of my pictures—at the moment.

How are you, and did you find a villa? I have wondered all these days. It's all right for you to be suspended over the void—but not for Achsah, I'm afraid. Myself I wish I were a bit more suspended too. We've got this flat till next May, but I'm sure I doubt if we'll stay half that time in it. I *am* somehow bored by Italy, and when a place goes against my grain I'm never well in it. I do really think one is heaps better off in New Mexico—sometimes I pine for it. Let's go in spring—and you help me chop down trees and irrigate pasture on the ranch. I'm sure you'd

be happier—if we were all there. After all one *moves*—and this deadening kind of hopeless—helplessness one has in Europe passes off. Let's all go in March, let's go. I'm sick of here. India is largely illusion—besides, we aren't rich enough. And let's make an exhibition of pictures in New York. What fun! For Easter, an exhibition of pictures in New York, then go west. We might afterwards sail to China and India from San Francisco—there's always that door out. Let's do it! Anything, anything to shake off this stupor and have a bit of fun in life. I'd even go to Hell, en route.

I've got a book on the Bagh caves—not nearly so thrilling as the Ajanta caves—but interesting. Did you know that in ancient Buddhism, the “stupa” occupied the holy central position in the cave, or the temple—and when the Buddha figure was invented, the standing Buddha took the place of this stupa. Now it looks to me as if this stupa was just the monumental phallic symbol, like the Etruscan “cippus”. And the standing Buddha has still a phallic quality. They invented the seated Buddha later. My book says “in the early caves the central cult object is the *stupa* or relic monument”. Do you know precisely what the stupa was? It looks just like the Etruscan phallic “cippus” in the illustration.

I did a little picture of a jaguar jumping on a man—but am not happy for working. It was a long strip of canvas left over, and cut on the skew. Now I can't afford to cut it down, to get it squared. Could I stud or sew a bit on the top edge? Otherwise I'll have to cut my jaguar's ears off.

I doubt if we'll get to Egypt—if we're going to America in the spring. I simply haven't enough money ; it comes in slowly, much more slowly than anybody would imagine

I'll send you a copy of *Travel* with the first of the Etruscan sketches It has got pictures, but disappointing because they're too small. But you'll recognize the whole thing I think they're doing four sketches As for the rest, I doubt if I'll ever finish them—I just don't really want to do anything.

Achsa is right about this climate—it's not good enough But lately it's been all sunshine—I'm feeling really better—I'm better when I grumble—like my old grandmother, who never was anything but worse and fading fast, for forty years, till she was dying, at 75, when she protested she felt a bit better, and a bit better . and so she passed out.

There's no news—I've not been to Florence, and seen nobody but the S's. They are actually taking us a motor-drive to San Gemignano. It will remind me of the bus that brought me from Volterra

Let me know where you are Many thanks for sending the canvas I had forgotten it was so big ! What a shame you should have had to bother with it

Well, here's luck Let's pull out of Europe in the New Year But perhaps you're just moving into a "sweet" villa.

Frieda sends her greeting—she says the man's head at the bottom of my picture is "a young Earl"

No. 70

*Villa Mienda  
Scandicci  
Firenze  
Sunday*

MY DEAR HARWOOD

So you have really found another home for a bit—and another of the “beautiful pretentious” sort! Are you saying hurray!—or are you breaking no eggs about it?

How is Capri? Here, for some weeks, it fogged, and I naturally coughed. These last two days there is a wind from the heart of all the icebergs, so unspeakably cold—but the sun fairly warm I’m pretty well, considering, though a bit cross I spent yesterday and to-day doing a picture. Which I have just burnt—and it hasn’t even made the stove any hotter. How’s that for meanness!

We are sitting tight for Christmas and making a Christmas tree for the contadini. As their name is legion, with a few babies over, it’s a job, and my spirit is rather faint I’m afraid I get less altruistic (nice word) as I get older Still, the tree isn’t stolen yet from the pineta, and the toys are still to buy from the Quarant’otto—a famous bazaar place here So sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof

Which is the L’s coming to tea in about five minutes . But one day I think we shall trot down to Capri to see you . if we don’t go to Switzerland up to the snow dreadful thought, on a day like this!

I enclose ten bob for you for Christmas and you are to buy with it exactly what you choose : a bottle of beer, and a pair of corsets for Rose, the darling, for she must be losing her figure by now ; a handbag in the shape of a puppy-dog for your Mother (all the rage ! when you take your powder-box out of his tummy, he squeaks !)—and for your father, a wigwam. With what is left over, buy yourself a harp, so that you shall not forget your name is Schwannhild !

Tell your father thank you for his letter, but I couldn't see wood for bo-trees. Ask your Mama the reason of this long-drawn-out silence of hers. If the Villa Torricello is her Capri Swansong, tell her I would fain hear a few notes of that truly rare, never-before-heard melody.

Apart from all this there is no particular news—and here are the L's ! Leb'wohl, mein Kind ! Don't forget me when you're boozing the champagne and devouring the turkey and the pheasants !

D. H. L.     •

Your uncle in all but name

# PART SEVEN

1928





## LETTERS FROM FLORENCE AND SWITZERLAND

No. 71

*Villa Muenda  
Scandicci  
Firenze*

11 Jan'y 1928

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Very nice photographs of the family—look so nice and southern.

It was damp and horrid so long, we decided to join the Huxleys up in the snow in Switzerland at Diablerets, over Lake Geneva I suppose we leave here Monday. I dread it a bit—but everyone says it is so good for me. And I *would* like to get myself solider this year.

I don't know quite what we'll do afterwards—but I shall give up this house in April—finally—and leave Italy—perhaps go to the ranch, if my bronchials will stand it otherwise stay a time in Germany and England, and see

I would really rather have come south—but everybody says the mountains, the mountains. So we'll try—4000 feet.

I'll write and send address as soon as we get there.

Tante cose !

D. H. L.

## No 72

*Chalet Beau Site*  
*Les Diablerets*  
*(Vaud) Suisse*  
3 Feb'y 1928

DEAR EARL

I dreamed so of Achsah in the night, I'd better write to you, lest you'll be thinking we've faded out entirely.

Here we sit, in the snow. Sometimes it's sunny and warm, sometimes it snows all day like yesterday—sometimes it's very cold but dazzling sunny, like this morning. I'm not up to winter-sports—sometimes F. and I drag ourselves up the hill for forty minutes with a little tobaggan, to slither down again in four minutes! Sport davvero! I trudge slowly up the snowy road, and gasp. Snow scratches my bronchials. But, on the other hand, it is a sort of tonic, and builds up resistance. So I really feel better, even when my bronchials are more scratched. But I really hate snow, it's very ungenial sort of stuff.

I've been busy getting my poems together for a collected edition—rather a sweat—but now it's done, and the MS is ready to go off. Something else behind me.

We've got a four-roomed flat in this chalet, all wood, and low ceilings, just like a ship. Only sadly we can't sail on. But we can keep quite warm, with wood crackling in the stoves. I think Harwood would like it. She would even like ski-ing, toiling uphill once

more with several pounds of timber at great length on each foot, to slither precariously down again in a few slippery and collapsible moments

I think we'll stay till the end of this month, then back to the Mirenda for March and April—and then whither!—to the ranch if I'm really tough enough to face that long journey. But Frieda isn't very keen on the ranch. I am

Maybe my sister-in-law from Berlin, and husband will come to Capri end of March. If so, we might come down for a week, and see you. Which I should like. We must have some sort of a conference before busting out of Italy to remote ends of the earth. Anyhow meanwhile I hope you are all serene and very well. Love from us both.

D. H. L.

No. 73

*Chalet Beau Site  
Les Diablerets  
(Vaud)*

27 Feb 1928

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

We are still here—at least I am, for Frieda departed to-day to Baden-Baden, to spend a week with her mother and I remain alone in this little house—but I take the midday meal with the Huxleys. I expect to leave here March 6th, and meet Frieda the same day in Milan: so we ought to be back in the Villa

Mirenda by March 7th I hear the spring is very early in Tuscany, all the flowers out already

Here too it is hot sunny weather and a great deal of snow is gone from the south slope But the north slope, and the Diablerets are still deep and white, and the sledges still tinkle down the valley. But I doubt it won't last much longer—the snow. The days are very brilliant, and I'm sure it is quite as hot as Italy But the nights are cold I really rather like it so out of the world, as if the world didn't exist That just suits my mood at present—when I don't want to work or think much about anything But if I stayed, I think I should want to begin to paint Which reminds me, Earl—if you have got those photograph nude studies within reach, do send me some as promised They will be useful to me, especially for water-colour studies Send them, that is, to the Villa Mirenda and if there are any good kneeling or crawling and reaching forward, send me those

Well, our plans are very vague The Mirenda is finished on May 6th—and I'm glad to be rid of it What then I don't know Some work may keep me in Italy till June—and Frieda says she won't go to the ranch this year, but that she *will* go next year in the spring I'd like to go—and soon I must go But perhaps it's a bit strenuous just yet I'm much better, but not much good at climbing hills still And I don't mind drifting around for a time—Germany, England, perhaps Ireland, for the summer and for the winter, heaven knows The Huxleys want us to motor with them in July over that country west of Marseilles—the

coast between Marseilles and Spain. They think that might be a good spot. . . Or have you any other plans ?

I'm glad you're both feeling so brisk and busy. It's just the opposite with me I do nothing and don't care But I'm reading a French book about Egypt—pretty dry—it's all abstractions—they make the Egyptians as abstract as algebra, poor darlings : whereas they were beautifully concrete. I get so bored by science and the mental life business—it's all dry-rot.

My sister-in-law from Berlin isn't coming south after all—going to Finland or somewhere up north The North Pole seems to be coming into fashion, and icebergs are the chicest things in resorts . Spitzbergen the new Nice

But we might possibly get to Capri end of April—I might possibly sweat a few more Etruscans on the way—Cortona, Arezzo, Chiusi, Orvieto. We'll see. I feel we ought to have another conclave before we all bust abroad again.

Seems to me I'm your stormy petrel and harbinger of voyages.

My love to Harwood, if she's not growing too grown-up for it. And au revoir to us all.

D H. L.

## No 74

*Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
Firenze  
Sunday*

DEAR EARL

We got back here Wednesday night—so it has rained ever since I really think it is nicer in Switzerland warmer even at least I *felt* much warmer, and the sun was lovely Italy enervates one, and so one feels the cold much more As for the southern mode, it seems to me it is dead Italy just makes me feel exhausted I'm ten times the man, on the other side the Alps

My sister-in-law Else came yesterday . both of you will like her, if she calls on you She is Frieda's elder sister Frau Dr Else Jaffe They have gone on to Rome to-day and they may or may not come to Capri But I gave her your address

As for the future, what's to be done? I'm almost sure the best thing would be to march off to New Mexico and have done with it There one has sun, and altitude, and lovely landscape: and moderate expenses But I'll have to stay here a bit, as I'm going to print a private and unexpurgated edition of my novel here For the public it will have to be expurgated It is a phallic novel, but very nice and tender So I *must* issue it complete here—at ten dollars too!—I took the MS to the printer I doubt I won't have the thing done till end of May, which means hanging around

here, more or less. I wasn't going to tell you, as it's not really in your line, or Achsah's. But you'd know some time.

So I might take some little excursion, between now and May But not to Africa Those Arabs don't interest me much. Anyhow it costs too much. And I doubt if Frieda will want me to go off alone I might go to Cortona, Arezzo, Chiusi, etc., and finish the Etruscan essays: but feel very vague I don't feel a bit settled here—ready to leave almost any day. We may come to Capri for a little while I'll have to rouse myself and make some sort of plan But for the novel, I wouldn't stay here at all

Many thanks for the photographs Some of them are very nice and will no doubt be useful Unfortunately most of them are deliberately—and artistically posed—which rather spoils the effect. I wish one could get absolutely natural photographs of naked people just walking about or jumping or sitting, with no idea of art What are the other photographs like? You said there were many. The man comes out best—and one or two of the girl. But why pose like a Velasquez Venus, so obvious? If it's not asking too much, you might send me another batch, and I'll hunt through them, and send them you back, keeping one or two for use But I'll send them all back safely I did a water-colour since I'm here—a torch-dance—two naked men—rather nice I think—not particularly “natural” Photographs are a great help with water-colours, where the figures are smaller than in oil, and more set in.



As for a show of pictures, somehow I don't care anyway. If we went to New York we might do it. But I've lost any interest I ever had in showing. Are you arranging a definite show, at a definite time? I wouldn't mind occupying a corner—but can't rouse myself to bother about it.

I'll order you a copy of my new book of stories, which should come out just now.

And we'll meet before long, when this vagueness and indecision pass off.

I shall expect a grand meal from those young bacchanals when I come. Shall I be allowed bacon—or is it strictly buttered leaves and grasses?

Am correcting proofs of the poems. How it brings up the past! Shall be glad when it's over.

D H L

### From No 75

(Referring to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*)

As I say, it's a novel of the phallic Consciousness or the phallic Consciousness versus the mental—spiritual Consciousness—and of course you know which side I take. The *versus* is not my fault—there should be no *versus*. The two things must be reconciled in us. But now they're daggers drawn.

## No 76

*Villa Muenda  
Scandicci  
Florence  
13 April 1928*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Your letter, Achsah, came yesterday—and I infer from it you have E and D with you—the Reynolds girls and Harwood—but who is the sixth child? Anyhow it's a crowd. As for me, I am alone for a day or two, Frieda having gone off with her sister to Alassio, to see her daughter Barbara. But F will be back Sunday night. Then we start packing up like the devil, and clear out of this house and this climate. There's no mistake, it's a poor climate, what with wind, rain, mist, scirocco and heaviness, it's a pearl. But at the end of this month we quit for good.

And I feel I ought to go to Switzerland. It did me a lot of good—and I'd better look after these bronchials of mine, they play the deuce with me. I'd have loved to go to Tunis and Kairouan with Earl—but what's the good, if one coughs all the way. So some time in May we'll go up to the mountains, and stop a couple of months. Then perhaps to England—and in the autumn I'd like to set out towards the ranch. If I can sell my novel and have some money, I'd like to go round the world again. The Messageries Maritimes has an arrangement whereby for about £120 sterling you can have a ticket round the world, good for a year, and you can stop off where you like,

wherever their boats touch, and take the next boat on, or a month later take a boat—on from Egypt to India and so on—if possible to San Francisco—and from there to the ranch. If I have enough money, I'd like very much to do that. Otherwise we might go straight to the ranch. But it would be so nice, just for a bit, to be drifting out of reach of mail and malice, no letters, no literature, no publishers or agents or anything—what a paradise! I'm awfully tired of all that side of the world.

I painted a bit since I'm back—a few water-colours and a little Rape of the Sabine women—and I'm doing my Ravello Fauns up. It's quite amusing to paint—if only one didn't have the feeling of other people looking on. That spoils it again. People keep coming—and they want to see one's pictures—and they *don't* like them, they don't really want to take the trouble of really looking at them, or at anything; they stand there half alive and make the whole thing seem like lukewarm fish soup. I'm fed up with people—absolutely. That's why I'd like to move on a bit.

But if there's no other way, we'll try and dash down and see you in May—we are sort of due to have a family talk. Earl, do you want those photographs back? If so I'll send them. And what are your plans?

Now I'm going to Florence—not with much joy!

Au revoir, then

D H L

## No 77

Villa Mirenda  
Scandicci  
(Florence)  
25 April 1928

DEAR EARL

So the Israelites are turned out of their little Canaan—and you think Constance is the next camp?—whereabouts on Constance—on the Swiss side, of course and right on the lake? It can be very nice

We think we might keep on the Mirenda—if you'd like it we certainly should We shall leave *at latest* by May 20th—and shall be away at least six months So if Achsah feels like camping for a summer here with Harwood, she's very welcome Nice isn't very nice in summer. And here is rather lovely, really Just let me know.

•I hang on, waiting for proofs—have only done half, yet wish the printer would hurry up. Orders come in pretty well—not in a rush—but all right. I can go as soon as proofs are done and binding is settled—Orioli will do the rest. I'm not wildly keen on Switzerland, except just for my health You don't know of a nice *inn* anywhere, do you, where the peasants drink at evening, and one can stay—about the same altitude as Diablerets—3000 ft —1000 metres—or a bit more. and if possible a bit of flat ground to walk on I should like that so much better than an hotel with English old maids.

I doubt if we shall get to Capri—and you'll be fitting as we are. But we'll certainly meet this summer, Constance or elsewhere. I feel this time we're all being jerked off the nest—and the next settling will perhaps be different—though perhaps, the old roost. Who knows.

Brett cables an exhibition fixed—of our pictures—in New York for August. But I think I shall send my things to London, to Dorothy Warren's gallery—she wants me to. What else shall I do with them, if we clear out? We must talk about this exhibition business, when we meet—which will surely be before long. I suppose you don't want to send a few things to London? I could ask Dorothy.

I feel I don't much care where I go. The outside world doesn't matter quite so much as it did—it matters less and less—so long as one can sit peacefully and be left pretty much alone. One hardly wants any more to step out of the shadow of one's bo-tree. But people still tell me Cyprus is a good island.

Arrivederci to you Achsah and Harwood and Earl

D H L

Send you my phœnix, drawn by me, to be printed on the cover of my book

INSTEAD OF accepting Lawrence's hospitable offer of his place at Scandicci, we yielded to the temptation of accompanying him and Frieda to the Alps. We were with them much of the time between May and October of 1928.

A year had passed since our "walking trip", as we always called our Etruscan journeys. Now I found Lawrence much weaker. He had never allowed me to

see how serious his illness was—perhaps he did not admit it to himself. He spoke of his bronchials as “very annoying” and denied that his lungs were otherwise affected. “All that the doctors can do for me”, he said, “is to say—You might try this or that climate—they don’t know—it’s just a matter of experiment.” He hated seeing a doctor.

For some weeks we all remained in a hotel over the Lake of Geneva. Generally he would write for an hour or so after his breakfast; then we might take a short walk in the morning sunshine and lie on a rug out-of-doors until luncheon, walking again at tea time. During this period he wrote several of the essays which have been published under the title of *Assorted Articles*. *Insouciance* describes an incident at this hotel.

I ventured to remark to Lawrence that it is the unexpected which happens: every day, every hour, is different from what we would have been able to prophesy. “No, no,” objected Lawrence, “the years may be different but the days and weeks are not. I will bet you two pounds that nothing unexpected will happen within three weeks.” So frequently I made my point that Lawrence asked, if that could be called unexpected which one awaited so confidently?

*Lady Chatterley’s Lover* had been published since our last meeting—“I shall give you a copy. Of course I want you to read it—but it is not your type of a book. I will give you a copy to take with you when we separate”—he would say. The reception which many of his friends had given it hurt him very much. “L— read the book, she would come to the table green with rage, she would hardly speak to me,” he

related "The idea! J—— treated it as improper and returned it without reading it through" He defended the book He declared that the animosity which it and others of his works had aroused was partly the cause of his illness It was months later before he sent me the book—obviously he dreaded our reading it

According to Lawrence the curse of our age is machinery The substitute of the machine for life means death He talked much of this he hated the automobiles, so many of which rushed past us over the Swiss roads "I would like to remove that little bridge there and let them all go tumbling down into that valley" "Oh the world is going insane, I really believe it There is such a thing as mass insanity; that is what the world is suffering from now But things will change—forty years from now there will not be an automobile on these roads"

At Gsteig bei Gstaad the Lawrences had rented a chalet to which the following letter refers

## LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND

No. 78

*Hotel National*

*Gstaad*

*Sunday evening*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

We have decided to go out to the chalet to-morrow, Monday evening, at six o'clock—it saves another day in this dull hotel We went to Gsteig this morning and fixed up The chalet must be about a mile from Gsteig

village, and climbing up all the way, alas—I panted, but it wasn't so bad—a most lovely morning We picnicked out there—it's quite a pleasant little place, with kitchen and a good-sized living room (good-sized for here, that is) and a good-sized bedroom downstairs—and one room, which I didn't see, upstairs We pay 300 frs. for the “season”—which is till middle or end Sept.—not dear, but quite enough, for what it is. Yesterday we saw a *very* nice chalet—but alas, it had been let for three weeks *the very day* before—and it was charming, and big enough for us all I want Achsah to see ours before we look at anything for you—she may find it too peasantry and primitive and may prefer the hotel She's hardly a chalet person. It's quite high up, 4000 ft. and more—the upper world—rather lovely—has a bit of the Greater Day atmosphere. The people *seem* very nice—perfectly simple and naive—poor as mice—odd. They were straining the honey in our barn—you'll eat some

:

We have only seen Gsteig on sunny days, and it's lovely then—I hope you won't hate it, if it rains

D H L

The address is: Kesselmatte Gsteig bei Gstaad. The altitude gets me a bit—one will have to go softly.

My family and I went to live in the hotel of the village below Lawrence's chalet. He was walking less and less

Not far from his house the forest began I sat there painting the distant mountains, in the foreground



a few trees and a house Lawrence sat by my side telling me how he felt the motive should be painted. "Look at that tree, you have made it too solid—it isn't that way—notice you can see *through* it in nearly every part of the tree . and that distant green mountain side—see how the grass grows, notice the *form* to that hill, why it goes back there and comes out so . . ." He seemed fully aware of "significant form" !

We spoke of Gandhi's *ashram* and his enthusiasm for hand spinning and weaving, of which Lawrence said . "He is right We might start such a place with a few people : only I ought to do it in my own country : southern England perhaps" The hand-crafts as opposed to machinery appealed strongly to him Lawrence once wrote to me :

"All we possess is life—weaving, carving, building—this is the flow of life, life flows into the object—and life *flows out again* to the beholder So that whoever makes anything with real interest, puts life into it, and makes it a little fountain of life for the next comer Therefore a Gandhi weaver is transmitting life to others—and that is the great charity"

I am sure Lawrence always had the hope that some time there might be gathered about him a small group of people with similar attitude and feeling toward life, who would find a new and better way to live, solving some of the problems of life We know how profoundly Lawrence valued certain relationships—the "rainbow"—which might come to be between one human being and another It appealed to him to create something

corresponding to a Gandhī *ashram*. These two men—Gandhi and Lawrence—so far apart in some respects—yet possessed far more in common than those who did not know Lawrence personally would imagine

Lawrence returned my copy of Coomaraswamy's *The Dance of Shiva*, saying "I enjoyed all the quotations from ancient scriptures. They always seem true to me." Of J. C. Chatterji's *Kashmir Shaivism*, he remarked. "That seems to me the true psychology, how shallow and groping it makes Western psychology seem."

One day I took my friend Dhan Gopal Mukerji to call on Lawrence. The following remarks of Lawrence's on that occasion are especially interesting to me because, as will be seen, later he completely changed his attitude. "You don't really believe in God You can't in this age. No, no, it is a conception mankind has exhausted the word no longer has meaning."

For a few days I was in Paris, and later we were at Geneva and Basle where the following letters reached us.

No 79

*Kesselmatte*  
*Gsteig b Gstaad*  
*(Bern)*  
*Wed morning*

DEAR EARL

Hope you're having a good time in Paris with Mukerji. Here it's just the same, but a bit more cloudy. I'm beginning to feel a bit fed up with it, and

wish we could go away. I reckon my health is just as good anywhere else.

I painted contadini on the panel you gave me. Oh, if there are in Paris nude photographs that I could use in my sort of painting—natural ones—buy me some if you have time. But don't bother of course. I have never seen but two of the famous Paris "obscene" post-cards, and they were just ugly. They need not be, surely.

We had dinner at the Viktoria last night, and said good-bye to the S's . . .

We'll be expecting you back Sunday—and then we can be casting round in our minds plans for late autumn and winter. At the moment I incline towards the ranch and the simple life.

. . .

Tante cose.

D. H. L.

No. 80

*Kesselmatte  
Gsteig b Gstaad  
Saturday*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH AND CHILD

Had your letters. Yes, those were three awful delugious days. But yesterday was marvellous—all new snow, even on the waterfall mountains, and brilliant, brilliant—and vivid clear everything, with real high sunshine—far the best day we've had. To-day is fine too—clear, snow melting, air a bit sharp.

This is how it *should* be. . . . Oh dear, visitors !  
How nice the mornings are when there is nobody !

. . . we'd go to Baden-Baden direct, and stay ten or twelve days Then I'm a bit vague Dorothy Warren is showing my pictures from Oct. 5th till 26th—having them all framed fresh—the waters are done, and she says they look lovely framed Of course I'm pining to see them, and to see how they look, hung So I *might* go over to England for a week. But perhaps I shan't If I don't, I'd go down to look at that island, about Oct 1st You might look in Baedeker, if you have a Southern France, and see what it says : Island of Port Cros . . . off Toulon or St. Tropez. If you can find it, tell me what it says. We'd stay a week or so on the island, to make sure Then in second half of Oct I'd like to finish the Etruscan places—Arezzo, Cortona, Chiusi, Orvieto, Rome—take about ten days—Aldous and Maria said they'd motor us Then, if the island had turned out well, go back there for some winter months If not, then somewhere else—Sicily, Spain—chi lo sa !

That's what I have in my mind What the gods intend for me, I know not. I don't even know if I'd be well enough to do the etruscans But I really hope so.

Now what about you ? I guess you'll soon be tired of Geneva—though perhaps not. Baden is certainly more easy to loaf in, to hear music, to read all the newspapers in the world, to have good walks, to drink water, to see plays—in German But it will cost you about 12 m per day each Not cheap. But what is cheaper ?—unless you go into France

So meet us when and where you will Even go first and look at the island, if it amuses you There is an Hotel Or if you'd like to go to Baden, let me know and we'll fix up rooms.

You remember that *clay* medicine that you once put on your ear? Since Boshı suggested hot mud on my chest, I feel that might do me good, your clay If you could get it in Geneva, ask the shop to send it, C O D.—they send things C.O D. in Switzerland all the time.

Anyhow I know that you're well tubbed—and I hope decently fed. I washed my hair this morning, in the sun

Lebewohl !

D H L

No. 81

*Kesselmatte*

13 Sept 1928

DEAR EARL

It's very quiet here, the clock ticks—no cuckoo since Harwood left—and the cow-bells ting-ting-ting *All* the cows are down from the high alps, all the men are home in the chalets, the place is dotted with cattle, and simply shimmering with endless bells Frau Trachsl pretends to weep because we are going The weather is mixed—hot sunny morning—then bits of rain and weird phantasmal wreathings of clouds, finally lit up lurid with shafts of evening light. Its

quite changed. The crocuses have come again above the *mown* green grass, very lovely, long pale bubbles I painted a flower picture—also two others on Eail's panels—*North Sea* and *Accident in a Mine* Show you them—but sent *North Sea* to London Have a most amusing story of mine in *American Bookman*—called *Things*—you'll think it's you, but it isn't I shall bring it along Hope C. will find something *thrilling* for you . . . All the meadows are mown again—some still hay-making, rather damply.

If you want to go *before* we do to Baden, write my mother-in-law Harwood, the Etruscan embroidery is done, save the background Achsah, I wrote an article—*Hymns in a Man's Life*—but it's gone away. Au revoir then.

D H. L

In September we were with the Lawrences at a rambling hotel on the outskirts of Baden-Baden

I told Lawrence of a recent experience, when leaving the mechanization of a great modern city I had entered a museum filled with the arts and crafts of the East. The contrast had moved me so much that I was attempting to write about it an article which I called *The Hand of Man*. One day divining that I was writing he came to my room and said —“Let me see what you have done on that article” Much gratified by his attention I showed him what I had written He said “Oh, that is not the way to do it; your beginning is stilted, antiquated in form Let me

have the pen and some paper, I would begin more like this and then you could follow it up with topical paragraphs—thus ” Of course I was most grateful to Lawrence To me it is interesting that although I did not question his judgment, it was simply impossible for me to do the work the way he suggested !

During these last years of Lawrence's life I do not recall his once being enraged with me, as had happened in the first years of our friendship Perhaps he felt it futile to attempt my reform ! Our hours together were peaceful but with a poignancy because of his failing health The conversations were about people we knew in common, reminiscences of Lawrence's past, the never-ending mystery of the differences between men and women, the lack of life in people—especially the youth of to-day . He agreed that the very structure of the modern western house is not conducive to the right relationship between men and women , the oriental house where the women have their distinctive quarters is better—or as Plato pictured it in his Republic

My fiftieth birthday occurred in Baden-Baden Lawrence engaged for our party two carriages each drawn by a fine span of horses , we drove for miles through the forest Such a drive in a landau behind horses was a unique experience for “ the child ” and probably the last drive of its kind for all of us

Soon the Lawrences went to the Ile de Port Cros and I with my family returned to Italy

## LETTERS FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA

## No 82

(On cards from Le Lavandou)

. . This is a nice quiet little place We went out in a fisher-boat—with motor—to the island Port-Cros It is rather lovely, all tangled forest like Corsica but the hotel is “chic”—quite a lot of high-browish people there—and the whole place a bit artificial. The Vigie—fortress—is an hour’s stony walk uphill—and no way except to walk. To-morrow the Aldingtons come and I decide if we shall stay at the Vigie for two months—not more—or whether we stay on this coast, which is really very pleasant. . .

## No 83

. . Yes, the weather, the sun, the light are lovely. Man is everywhere vile. They are just beginning to mess this coast up—but the messing seems to proceed rapidly, once it starts Little villas “tout confort”—yes, my word Very comforting to the eye! I think we shall go over to the island end of this week—if F. comes and sea is still I hope she’ll turn up soon, I’m getting a bit bored—have churlishly refused to talk to *anybody*—I’m sick of people—there are about ten in the hotel We’ll try the island—perhaps we might find a corner in it—though I saw high-brow visitors striding on every path—too precious for words, that Perle of an island. . . .



## No 84

The Huxleys and Else have all gone on, so am quite alone for the moment But it is very pleasant lounging on the sands and seeing the men play boccie It feels very pleasant and easy No sign of the Aldingtons—so plans rather vague still .

## No 85

*La Vigie*  
*Ile de Port-Cros*  
*Var*  
*Sat 20 Oct 1928*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Earl's letter just now and the telegram—and all the magazines—for which many thanks Why ever didn't you wire me for 1000 francs—I could have sent them in an envelope in a minute Frieda arrived with a raging Italian cold—and of course passed it on to me, so I've felt very cheap this week But it's much better The Vigie isn't a castle but a top of a hill with a moat and low fort wall enclosing a bare space, about 2 acres, where the wild lavender and the heather grow The rooms are sort of cabins under the walls—windows facing the inner space, loop-holes looking out to sea—a nice large sitting-room—a bedroom each—then across, a great room where we throw the logs, and a kitchen, pantry and little dining-room It's very nice, rather rough, but not really uncomfortable—and plenty of wood to burn in the open fireplaces.

The Italian Giuseppe, a strong fellow of 28, fetches all provisions on a donkey, once a day. We get practically everything—except milk—and plenty. But all has to be ordered from the main-land. Giuseppe does all house-work except cooking—which the women take in turns. Richard and Arabella are very nice, and so is Bridget Patmore, we get on very well, and it's quite fun, but I've felt so limp with my cold—real influenza cold—poor Achsah, how I sympathize! Why ever didn't you wire me for money. I do hope Achsah is really better—don't travel till she is. Where are you going to anyhow? is Capri inevitable? I think we shall stay here till towards Christmas. The island is all green pine-tops, seen from above—then blue sea and other islands. It's nice because one is quite alone—but of course I don't want to live here. There are no other houses—only the hotel and the few fishermen at the bay—and it took me a long hour to get up from there, so I doubt I'm perched, as at Kesselmatte. Anyhow I don't care. I don't think I shall do much work here—but it's better for me. I've got a copy of my poems for you, which I'll send when I'm sure you are staying somewhere.

All feels very vague—I don't know where we shall ultimately go—and I get scared when this influenza begins biting again. But tell me what you are doing.

Love from both to three

D H L

## No 86

*La Vigie*  
*Ile de Port-Cros*  
*Var*  
8 Nov

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

All this time I haven't written to you. But the cold Frieda brought from Florence developed into the regular Italian Influenza, and I was in bed feeling low. However, I'm better and moderately well. We've had great storms and torrents of rain, and the boat doesn't come and then there's no food—so we are leaving the island, God with us, next Tuesday. I think we shall only just go over to Bandol, on the coast between Toulon and Marseilles, for a little while, just to gather our wits and decide where to go. If I were a bit tougher I'd go to Spain. We *might* go to that coast near Biarritz—we might go to the Garda—God knows. I don't mind very much. And what about you? What are you doing? Have you found a house, and are you settling down happily to work a bit and see your friends and not bother? I hope you are—that's the best, anyhow. We can't have life just as we want it, so if we have space and peace and freedom and food, we ought to be jolly thankful, and possess our souls. So many people have so much less.

There's no news. As I told you, the English papers wouldn't print *Cocksure Women*—but the *Forum* in America bought it. I am expecting a copy of my poems now, which I shall write in and send you.

*Hymns in a Man's Life* has appeared And I have had the proofs of *Blue Moccasins* with such illustrations you *never* saw—from *Eve*. Now there's nothing—except that there was a great attack on *Lady C* in two . . . papers in England—*John Bull* and *Sunday Chronicle*. The foulest and most obscene book in the English language. I'll order you a copy at once, after that. In this place I tried to paint a bit—no good—I merely wrote three little articles I don't care for islands, especially very small ones I want to get on the mainland again . . . Now I do hope you're settling and feeling your own selves—I'll send an address I expect Harwood is chirpy with the three pals. Love from us both.

D H. L.

## No 87

*Hotel Beau Rivage*  
*Bandol*  
*Var*  
*Sunday*

DEAR ACHSAH

Just a line to send you the address—we got here yesterday, quite nice, beastly crossing from that island. I think we shall stay here about two weeks—then perhaps come to Italy to finish my *Etruscans*—or perhaps go to Spain Quite *hot* and sunny here—only two days rain since we left you—yet endless torrents in Florence, so I hear Hope you had the *Poems*—I sent them And I hope you didn't think I was like

Rampion—such a gas-bag    If I'm like that I'll shut  
up

Tante cose

D. H. L.

Bandol is the place

Cote d'Azur

No 88

*Hotel Beau Rivage*  
*Bandol*  
*Var*  
*Sat*

DEAR ACHSAH

What a shame we forgot your birthday—what a mercy the poems arrived that day I am bringing you a little African basket—only like a big tumbler—from Upper Congo—I like it very much, so if it leaves you cold you give it me back and I give you something else. But I'll bring it to Italy

I did write you from here Did you get it? Our plans are to go early in December to Florence, *do those Etruscan Essays*, because the publishers bother me for them—and then perhaps sit in your Bella Vista in Anacapri for Christmas Shall we do that? I have an awful feeling I want to go to Africa, South Africa, which has a good climate, Natal, and paint Zulus I have a strong feeling that way After Christmas But Achsah dear, you sit tight in Capri, whatever Earl or the others of us does or do On revient toujours, etc Don't you be lured off to *any* foreign parts. Sit calm

in Capri and let the child study with Reynolds, and let Time Itself dash along with a smoothing iron. Why bother!

The *Evening News* printed *Hymns in a Man's Life*, but only gave me 15 quid. The Atlantic Monthly put our little old ladies of Chexbres in its contributors' column this month—Nov But the *Sunday Despatch* is doing my Sex Appeal article to-morrow and gives me 25 quid

I shall copy you out two of my poems in my best handwriting—that is to say, Frieda calls them poems, but I call them *pensées*.

Well, Achsah dear, it's late for your birthday, but Earl said you were "dashing along with a smoothing-iron",\* so let's hope you smooth it all out. Arrivederci, cara.

D. H. L.

No. 89

*Hotel Beau Rivage*  
*Bandol*  
*Var*

Monday 10 Dec 1928

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

We had your nice letters—am so glad you are pretty happy on Capri And by now you will be in the Villa Giulia. And I'm afraid we shan't come for Christmas, after all. Frieda's daughter Barbara had flu and wrote dismally, so Frieda has asked her here for Christmas She might possibly not come—but

\* This refers to a song

I expect she will. And I hear the weather in Florence is bad, and many people sick. Here we really have had wonderful weather—Saturday and yesterday it rained a lot—now to-day is sunny again, and fresh. This coast really seems to have a good winter climate.

I myself want to go to Spain. It's quite near, nearer to Barcelona than to Rome, a lot. And I think new things, new scenes are good for me—and Spain isn't too great an effort. It's nice here . . .

I asked Orioli to send you a copy of *Lady C*—just one of the little 200 edition—because it isn't in your line, either of you—neither Buddha nor Mary—but you needn't read it if you don't want to.

Well, I'm sorry we shan't be seeing you soon—I was looking forward to Christmas and charades. But I feel it won't be very long. Love

D H. L.

No 90

*Hotel Beau Rivage*  
*Bandol*  
*Var*  
*France*  
*Monday*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

I felt so disappointed when I wrote you this morning that we wouldn't come to Capri, that now I've written to Frieda's daughters to say, if they'd like it I'll try and get a ship *Marseilles to Naples* and we'll all come to Capri for Christmas—stay in the Bella Vista or

Lauio or whatever you think best. Wouldn't it be fun!—if we can get a ship, that is—I can't bear the rail journey. And if the daughters want to do it. So wait a bit and I'll let you know, what fun, though! We could sail from Naples to Spain later

D. H. L.

No. 91

*Hotel Beau Rivage  
Bandol  
Var  
France  
Monday*

DEAR ACHSAH

Just heard from Frieda's daughters—Elsa can only come for just a week—her job is at its busiest, and it finishes end of Feb. So Capri is too far—we shall just have to stay here—which is sad, for I've about had enough of it, and was thinking how jolly it would be in Anacapri.

But we shall have to see what we can do after Christmas. Perhaps Barby will stay some time with us. Anyhow you'll have a nice time.

I shall write again properly. This is only a note of warning and sadness.

D. H. L.



## No. 92

*Hotel Beau Rivage*  
*Bandol*  
*Var*

28 Dec 1928

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH AND HARWOOD

The scarves and letters came yesterday, and the books to-day, and all perfectly beautiful, and a thousand thanks. And here we sit, neither of the daughters turned up! Barby arrives *next* Wednesday. My, what a world! Frieda gets most awfully fidgety in an hotel, wants a house—but not here. I am at my wits' end as all sorts of pirated editions (of *Lady C*) seem to be coming out in America and selling at prices varying from \$6 to \$20 or even \$30. I am trying to get out quickly a Paris edition at about 100 frs to put on the market and nip them if I can. But it's so difficult finding anyone to take charge, and I can't sit in Paris to do it.

The weather has been sunny nearly all the time—practically no rain, but a cold little wind. Now it's warmer and gone cloudy. But this seems to me a good climate.

We just had a letter from Frau Trachsl of the Kesselmatte, very sweet; she says they are in deep snow, but very *good* snow, and one hundred English people in your hotel and Baren, enjoying themselves. Achsah dear, aren't you pining to be there?

Well, I'm glad you're festivating among friends and fidelities, and I suppose we shall meet again soon—and till then *leb' wohl!* all of you

D. H. L.

PART EIGHT

1929



LETTERS FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA  
AND PARIS

No. 93

*Hotel Beau Rivage  
Bandol  
Var*

27 Jan 1929

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

What has become of you this long while, we haven't heard from you since Christmas. Did you get my letter, and the hundred Lire for Harwood?—or did it go astray? We are still here, as you see—Frieda's daughter came . . . At the moment Aldous and Maria Huxley are here—on their way to Florence to sell their Italian car. We seem to have had someone off and on all the time since Christmas—and still don't make up our minds about leaving. I want to go to Spain, to try Majorca—but Frieda somehow funks it—doesn't want to go so far. But at present she's got a cold—perhaps that's it. She wants to go back to Italy and find a house—perhaps near Massa-Carrara. It is feasible, but I just don't want to go back to Italy at present. So it's the knees of the gods, always an uncomfortable place. I expect ultimately we shall just try Majorca—might as well, it's not far.

In our world there's no news, except that the police have started seizing any copies of *Lady C.* that

go into England, and seem to threaten a little campaign against me I shall try to give 'em one back My pictures are going to be reproduced in a big book at ten guineas a copy—in colour I had a proof of that panel I did in Kesselmatte—*Accident in a Mine*—but I think I did it after you had left—but you saw it It came out fairly well, but lost a lot I have done a long foreword to the book, on painting—quite interesting, I think I have painted a bit here too—used up all the panels Earl brought me And I have finished the *Pansies* poems . D—— doesn't sound very happy Nobody does—so I hope you are As for me, I just jog along I've kept pretty well, but have a cold now, from the *bitter* mistral wind It's an awful wind, really—but mostly sunny with it But it's got my broncs We often think of you and talk of you—glad to think of you safe in Anacapri We shall be here anyhow a fortnight, so do write If we don't like Spain we'll come and *settle* in Italy—D.V I'm not really keen on travelling Love from us both to all three

D. H. L

No. 94

*Hotel Beau Rivage*  
Bandol  
Var  
7 Feb 1929

DEAR EARL AND ASCHAH

Achsah, your second letter came to-night—glad you're full of song and firelight, anyhow This hotel,

thank goodness, is always pleasant and warm, and the place is practically always sunny, though the wind can be devilish. I don't think Frieda should have been discontented—but discontent is a state of mind. Now that I am beginning to come to the end of Bandol, and the sojourn here, she's beginning to like it, and I expect her, as soon as I'm ready to go, to refuse to leave its paradisaal strand. *La donna è mobile*. But I'm grateful to the place, it's been very kind to me—and though I've had a bit of 'flu now, I've not had to stay in bed at all, and have eaten my meals and thanked the gods. I'm really a lot stronger, even with a bit of 'flu on me.

..

My pictures are being done by young men who have been running an edition de luxe press—The Fanfrolico Press—but now it is to change.

I have nearly re-typed my *Pansies* and made them better. I think you'll like them. For stories and things, I've not done much, there's one—*Mother and Daughter*—in the next *Criterion*. The book of pictures will come later in the spring. I wonder how many copies they'll give me—and if I can give you one! Perhaps get a set of proofs.

No, Majorca is by no means a desert isle like Capri only bigger. But now there is this revolt business, and police everywhere wanting to look at people's papers—so we may put Spain off again, especially as Frieda doesn't want to go, and come to Italy for a bit, and perhaps take a smallish house somewhere. If we come to Italy I shall come to Capri to see you.

I feel rather like wandering—going to Spain—Morocco—Tunis—anywhere south I want to go south again, to the southern Mediterranean I wouldn't mind even going later to India for a spell, to see if I could do an Indian novel—novel with the Indian setting It tempts me If one could be fairly sure of not getting ill Do you hear from Mukerji? Has he gone back? I was thinking of him several times lately

Is there still the house at Anacapri that Earl mentioned, available?

Poor old Brooks! but how nice to be taken on a yacht to Greece, if it doesn't *blow* as it mostly does here!

No, Achsah, you are wrong If one is a man, one must fight, and slap back at one's enemies, because they are the enemies of life, and if one can't slap the life-enemies in the eye, one must try to kick their behinds—a sacred duty We are passive when we are dead Life is given us to act with

To-night is the Bandol philharmonic concert, so of course we've got to go—and Madame says we shall be enchanté, so let's hope so I only hope we shan't be enrhumé into the bargain

Well, I suppose we'll turn up one day Somehow I don't feel very far away

As for Harwood—vogue la galère Awful if the galère never puts to sea · storms or not!

No. 96

*Hotel Beau Rivage**Bandol**Var**Sat 10 March 1929*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

We are leaving finally on Monday—I for Paris, of all places, Frieda for Baden-Baden. I must go to Paris to settle about a cheap edition of *Lady C*—which the Librairie du Palais Royal will publish for me. But I want to go to look after it, do it quickly; make a little fat book you can put in your pocket, to sell at 50 frs. or 75 frs. I don't know how long I shall have to stay—possibly three weeks—and I've no idea where we shall go afterwards. It was so hard to get Frieda to move to Spain that I never did move her. So what we shall do after Easter remains to be seen. Really, if I was stronger, and didn't cough so much, I'd go to the ranch for the summer. But I'm afraid I'm not up to America, just yet at least. We almost went to Corsica, but people arrived from there looking still frozen, having been snowed up—so we cooled off. And the P.L.M. buses raging round and round all the time with tourists must have been trying; and the food supplies very bad, and the good hotels very expensive. But perhaps when spring really begins to look in, one will get definitely drawn somewhere. The air has gone milder and more springlike these last few days, but the land is inert and desert, all the



plants are dead Luckily the vines are all right. I've got a bit of a sore throat and don't feel particularly bright—but nothing bad It's been very pleasant here, I feel we shall easily get something worse

N depressed me very much—she has sort of gone all out of gear with her life—and she always seemed to enjoy it so much she has turned forty and more or less turned against all—she has lived up for till now business, house, family, garden even—doesn't want them any more It is something organic in women, and not to be argued with Largely it's the result of having been too "pure" and unphysical, unsensual The organism itself reacts at last, and makes havoc

They have been fussing about the seizure of my poems, *Pansies*—asking questions in Parliament, and so on, but I'm afraid without getting anywhere They are a lot of muffs and ninnies—and now I am past caring I haven't done much in the way of work—two oils on those panels you bought in Paris—and three water-colours on Harwood's block—which says "with love to Uncle David"—three nice waters—*Leda*, and *Renascence of Men*, and *Singing Swans* I expect you will see them in my book of pictures, which is going slowly ahead I'll get them to send you the prospectus with reprod of *Finding of Moses*—full size reprod What about Achsah's exhibition in New York? It seems very hard to get anybody to move My show still hangs fire, But if it doesn't come off, I don't care one iota Sick of 'em all Fed up The only thing I really wish is

that I didn't always cough and have either a sore chest or a sore throat as well as a sore spirit. Why should the gods keep me always so sore inside I get so tired of it But even that doesn't help love.

D. H. L.

No 96

3 rue du Bac  
Suresnes  
Seine  
Sat.

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Just a line to say I am here—staying at the moment with the Huxleys—Frieda in Baden, joins me next Wed.—and I go in to Paris. . Got a cold—feel sort of feverish—don't like Paris—but think I shall manage to do an edition of *Lady C* pretty cheap—to sell about 60 frs—so that's what I came for Other-wise no news and no wits and feel very tired of seeing people and wish I was on a desert island or in Bandol or even Capri We'll leave next week—after Easter—D V—but I don't know where for—shall let you know Has Achsah sold any pictures? . . mine are being reproduced, but very unsatisfactorily Towns are dirty and horrid, and I wish I was well away

D H L

## LETTERS FROM SPAIN AND GERMANY

No 97

*Thomas Cook and Son  
Calle Fontanella 19  
Barcelona  
Spain  
15 April 1929*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

I have been thinking of you these last few days—was upset to hear from your last letter that Anna di Chiara had been so ill—my regards to her—and that you in consequence will be houseless again. I do wonder where you will go. Achsah, my dear, do one of two things—find yourself a permanent little place on Capri—or go back, *volontieri*, to America. Don't be turned loose into the wide wide world. It's as wide as ever, but so much fuller and more peaceless than ever before. So stay in quiet hermitage on Capri—or go to America and bear 't. You must let Earl do as he wishes, if he wants anything different.

We have got so far—and to-morrow night we cross to Palma, Majorca. It is queer, Barcelona—so modern, and yet not, so full of wealth, yet so proletarian. At first one recoils—but I think I really like it. The people are self-contained and calm, they don't gibber like most moderns. The air seems good and alive and a bit tonicky, bracing—rather cold too. And the flowers in the street are marvellous, so are the vegetables and fish in the market—a certain rich

splendour and abundance which I had not expected. But as a place, I doubt you wouldn't like it—and I'm sure Earl wouldn't—too much of the old reserve and a certain callousness to other people. . . . I think it may be really good for my health—a tonic. So if we like Majorca, we shall contrive to stay, find a house if possible. Unfortunately, everything is rather dear, especially hotels. But if one could have a little house, I think it would work out like Italy. I shall write to you from Majorca and tell you. Meanwhile do let me know what you are doing. When does sister Lola come? How is Harwood? Do let her go to America. I feel better here than in Paris. Wish I felt you were settled. It's no good for you, Achsa, to be distracted. Not your line. Love from us both.

D H L.

No 98

*Hotel Principe Alfonso  
Palma de Mallorca  
Spain  
17 May 1929*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

I keep wondering how you are and what you are doing. I wrote you from Barcelona, and have kept on expecting an answer, but nothing has come. So now I don't know where you are nor anything.

We have been on this island for a month—very pleasant and sunny, right on the sea, and very peaceful. They call it the island of calm, and indeed it is

Yet there is a certain deadness in the human atmosphere at least, which makes it unattractive in the long run. We went across to the other side of the island. There are lovely lonely little bays with pine trees and sand and no people—and big stretches of a sort of heath—land or moor. One could be a lonely hermit here if one wanted—and the climate seems to me very good about the best in Europe, I should say. Yet I don't want to stay—and I don't want a house here. I think in about a fortnight's time we shall take the boat to Marseilles and come to Italy and see if we can light on a suitable house. We hesitate whether to take a trip in Spain—to Granada and Sevilla and Madrid—but the railway journeys are so long and tiring, and as I get older I care less and less about merely *seeing* things or places—or people.

There's our plans as far as they go—now write and tell me where and how you are and perhaps we can meet during the summer.

Love from us both.

D. H. L.

No. 99

*Hôtel Prince Alfonso  
Palma de Mallorca  
Spain  
25 June 1929*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

Well, what a budget!—Harwood falling over a cliff and spraining her ankle (though I want to know a little of her mother's bore her up from more

serious damage)—and a distant cousin who should be dead coming out of an earthquake to claim the family inheritance—and no home once more—and an all-pervading uncertainty. No, it won't do Achsah, my dear, you must come to a few decisions *all on your own*. Earl is out of the running *pro tem*, and I seriously think Buddha and deep breathing are rather a bane, both of them. Now Earl will never fit properly into a normal environment, so it's no use counting on him. As for Harwood being a doctor—if she *wants* to, let her—and if she's going to, then it's high time she began some regular work in preparation, at some regular school or college. If it's not going to be America, let it be England. But for God's sake do *something*, about it—another year has gone by, she's going to be seventeen, and the muddle only deepens. Achsah, it is now up to you. This is a question of environment and adaptation to the western world. Earl has more or less destroyed his adaptation and dislocated himself from the western environment . . . He doesn't want to adapt. Neither do I, beyond a certain point. But up to a point, one must. . . . Let her (Harwood) be a doctor if she wants to, and in that case, start out at once with some proper schooling in a school, in England or America.

Yes, I like R. N. all right—but I didn't know he called himself my disciple. I certainly don't call myself his master. I know almost nothing of him, and he knows almost nothing of me—and I feel we're as different as chalk and cheese. But people must have their little fancies.

We keep lingering on here Now we say we will sail to Marseille on June 11th. It is very pleasant here, we know people, the island is extremely calm and lazy, one wastes no energy, and I think it has been good for me So far, it isn't at all too hot—but one feels it may begin to be so It's an excellent climate, no rain, practically, and nearly always sunny If we come to Italy just now, we shall probably go to the Lago di Garda Frieda has a great idea that that's where she wants to be I don't feel any particular urge, but I liked it when we were there before And I certainly think July and August would be too hot here We could come back in the winter if we wished.

That little book of poetry *Pansies* should be out this month I will have a copy sent to you

. . We think we might sell the ranch  
It's too far off

No more news—I do hope Harwood's ankle is better, and that you are all cheerful Love from both

D H L

No 100

*Hotel Lowen  
Lichtenthal  
bei Baden-Baden  
Friday July 19*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH AND HARWOOD

You see where we are—and I have Achsah's room, Frieda has Earl's, and the Schwiegermutter has one of ours It's pretty hot, but the garden cool and

still, rather lovely. In the Kurpark flowers everywhere, millions of roses—we eat in the garden—and Germany seems very quiet and easy. But the women want to go next week up to the Plattig, about an hour's drive, 3,000 ft. It may be nice—but the high places are all pretty crowded, whereas Baden is rather empty still.

If Achsah and Harwood come this way, we really must contrive to meet and have a confab. Harwood, I had your poem, and one side of my face was laughing at you, and the other was touched. If you really want to be a doctor, do insist now on a school, and start in—really don't delay any longer. Achsah, I'm so sorry you were not well—it's these wearing indecisions. I still think the best is for you either to go to America or to find yourself a house on Capri, even if it's only a little bit of place. I liked Mallorca, but I'm not sure I should like to *live* there, and I'm certain you wouldn't. I like very much the French coast between Toulon and Marseilles—Bandol, Cassis—but Frieda didn't care for it, and I'm sure you'd think it ugly. Better a small place on Capri where you *know* you like it—and then stop fretting about anywhere else. Frieda of course is still pining for her Florence district. I was there a day or two, and it seemed so familiar and friendly. We *might* try the Impruneta, it is fairly high. Italy seemed to me gone very flat, the short while I was there—but not unpleasant, really nicer. But gone deflated, like a deflated tyre.

I suppose you heard my picture show was raided in London—after over 12,000 people had been to



it—and the police seized 13 pictures as being obscene—which pictures now lie in gaol under threat of being *burnt* England, my England! Did ever you know such hypocrisy That *Accident in a Mine* which I did in Gsteig seized for obscene—it is too crassly stupid But now the police hate me—for *Pansies* too—I suppose you have your copy now—expurgated perforce

My mother-in-law sends greetings and wants to thank you for your book Write to the . as we may leave here next Tuesday or Wednesday I suppose, now we are here, we shall spend the summer in Germany—perhaps go to Bavaria in August But write me all your news

love !

D H L.

Lawrence's anger and wounded feelings in the following letter show how great was his love for England the depth of his hurt was in proportion to the depth of his love As I have told during his visit in Ceylon, and always, he was as quick to resent criticism of England (from others) as an English colonel !

No. 101

*Hotel Lowen*  
*Lichtental*  
*Baden-Baden*  
13 Aug 1929

DEAR EARL

We are back here—went for a while up to the Plattig—a mountain near here—and I nearly froze to death and simply hated it. But it is very nice down here—warm, but not hot, and very few people, we mostly have the garden to ourselves. So it is not too bad. Though I really don't like northern countries, and shall be glad when we can come south again.

I haven't heard from Achsah at all—I wonder where she is by now. If she is in England she will have come in for all the scandal of the pictures; how hideous, indecent, obscene and horrible they are, and how they ought to be burnt, and me along with them. However, they haven't quite dared to burn them, but having kept them for a month locked up in Marlborough Street gaol, they are returning them to me on condition they shall not be exhibited in any way again. What canaille!—what a country! and the papers reeking with “obscene” and “indecent”, and suggesting that I am a degenerate horror. Nice country to do work for, I must say. I am humiliated at the very thought of being an Englishman but my spirit spurns the craven, white-livered, hypocritical country. Thank God I need never set foot on the degraded island again.

I'm glad you like the *Pansies*. In the spring I expect they will bring out a cheap edition, at 3'6. Meanwhile, they want to go on selling at 10/6. I am sure Gandhi is right for India—and I'm sure every race and nation will have to fight, and fight hard, to survive the machine. But I am European, and my fight is in Europe.

I haven't done much work lately—a few “nettles” to follow my *Pansies*. *Flying Fish* remains where it was. All this persecution and insult, and most of all, the white-livered poltroonery of the so-called “free” young people in England puts me off work. Why should one produce things, in such a dirty world! If one leaves them to themselves they will accomplish their own destruction so much the quicker. Far be it from me to hinder them.

We don't have many plans. In September we want to come to Italy and look for a house—or to the French coast. The doctor says I should live by the sea, and I know it is right. But when exactly we shall leave here, I don't know.

. . . We think of the birthdays in Gsteig last year—and yours here.

I wonder what you are doing and where we shall meet. I have a feeling we shall see each other this autumn—you will come at least some way north, won't you? I am not in a good mood, and feel churlish—but I hope soon it will change. We are going to tea with some Americans in the Stephanie—that is sure to do it! Arrivederci.

No. 102

*Hotel Löwen  
Lichtenthal  
Baden Baden  
15 Aug 1929*

DEAR HARWOOD

Here we are—I'm back in your room, and the sun is shining in almost hot, the garden is very green and pretty, it's almost tea-time, and we're just off to Geroldsau to tea—that village where we walked, do you remember, and came back in the bus. So now you see the whole picture. Frieda's bunch of birthday roses stands on my table and the pink petals fall on your letter—it was a lovely bunch of roses. We thought of you on your birthday, last year at Gsteig. . . . Not once have I seen Achsah's white wings fluttering down the Lichtenthaler Allee this year, nor up the steps to the Trinkallee though almost I see her ghost sitting at a little table in the corner sipping the hot water at a penny a time, and feeling so good after it though I declare it is indigestible. Baden is very green and leafy this year, and the geraniums are very red, and the people are very fat, and the frocks are very weird, some with flouncing flat tails like beavers, some with pointed raggedly taggledies all getting mixed up with their legs. I suppose you sport the latter sort. We don't go much to the Musik—I'm rather worse at walking, than better—though the doctor says, as far as lung goes, I am very much healed up, but my asthma, which seems to go to

my legs, is not much better So I cough, to the general annoyance or cold commiseration of a nervous universe And I suppose, cough I shall—though perhaps one day I shall leave it behind, I suppose

We had quite a nice party on Sunday night—peach Bowle made with champagne and Ganwinkelheimer, large blue trout, ducks, and fat meringues But I forget, perhaps you still think with horror of the fleshpots

I suppose you have seen in the newspapers what a dreadful man I am, and what fearsome pictures I paint When the magistrate said that perhaps even children had seen them, I half hoped you would rise up and chirp. Yes Sir! Please Sir! And I thought them so pretty! But alas, you weren't in court to bear witness

Well, my dear, so now you're seventeen and going to be a doctor, so hurry up and cure my asthma, for you've only got half an Uncle David instead of a whole one And I send you a quid, since it seems your fate to receive a paltry quid And write me about your school, and your plans, and the future  
love

D H L

We shall be here another week or perhaps more—then we want to go to Italy to find a house to live in Achsah, what are your plans? I wrote to Earl

No 103

*Kaffee Angermaier*  
*Rottach-am-Tegegnsee*  
*Oberbayern*  
5 Sept 1929

DEAR ACHSAH AND HARWOOD

We have moved on to Upper Bavaria—in the mountains like Kesselmatte—and we have the best part of an old peasant house like Kesselmatte, only it's bigger—and we eat in the little inn one minute below the garden. It's really very nice—balconies, apple trees, apples falling, dahlias, cows, women making hay. But I've had such a nasty sort of cold, laid me out, and am as weak as a rat and no happier—rats never look happy. I'm but a stranger here.

Heaven is my home ?

We want to stay till about Sept 15th then take a motor to Innsbruck—not very far—and so down to Verona. We *may* go to Venice for a few days—friends—but then to Florence to cast around finally for a house. It must be done—I can't drag around any more. I am writing to Earl—perhaps I shall see him in Florence,—and we can make plans. I don't want to go to Capri—it's not my line. But I should like it if we had houses within reach of one another. Let's try to be inspired and make it so.

As for the child, so she's not going to be a doctor. Well, she's not a child any more either, so it'll be quite a vocation being a woman: god help us all. And perhaps school is a bit futile at this point, if

there is no vocational end in view. *Dum vivemus vivamus*—but how to live

Frieda is glad because she had a bone-setter from a neighbouring village—a farmer—and he set her foot in one minute. The bone was off the centre and resting on the side of the socket—and in another month or two the socket would have filled in and it would have been too late. And I paid 12 guineas to a Park Lane specialist, and the long-bearded *Medizinalrat* in Baden-Baden is still to pay. Doctors should all be put at once in prison

Well—after the 15th, write . and let's be neighbours if we can, for we're all at our wits' ends.

love

D. H. L.

No. 104

*Kaffee Angermaier  
Rottach-am-Tegernsee  
Oberbayern  
Germany  
5 Sept 1929*

DEAR EARL

We are here in the mountains of Bavaria, a bit like Kesselmatte, only more spacious and more people—and we have friends here. It's really very nice, but I've had a fierce cold or something, and feel a rag. How tired I am of my ill-health. But my ill-health is the same as your loss of energy—it's a sort of masculine change of life. It's a change of the whole psychic rhythm, and of most of the psychic

values It means, not only a maladjustment to the present system, but a whole conflict and finally a break with the present system. And we have to accept the ill-health and the loss of energy Because all the energy that ran concurrent with the present system now leaves us, drains away, like an up-rooted tree, and will not come back till we make new roots in a new emotion. I agree with you entirely about India—but I feel I don't belong to the actual India of to-day. I love the Indian art, especially Brahmin, more every time I see it—and I feel Hindu philosophy is big enough for anything. Yet we have to bring forth some different thing, in harmony with the great Hindu conceptions Which need carrying out You couldn't hate the "western" machine world more than I do Only it's no good running back into the past.

Our plans are to leave here about Sept 15th—take a motor to Innsbruck, then down to Verona—perhaps go for a few days to Venice—then on to Florence . Then we *must* find a house I don't think the climate is so bad, if one goes right away from the Arno valley, among the hills It can be very lovely But we are not fixed—open to any suggestion We might try Lerici, near Spezia—we once spent a winter there—or go to Cassis, near Marseilles—we must see. If you and Achsah are leaving Capri, then let us try this time to settle down as neighbours Africa is tempting, but I *know*, after a while, one would get stale and exhausted, too much cut off. Italy or S. of France is best—because I'd



like to settle down *for good*—have a permanent place, and only go away for a while, and come back. People do manage to be very happy in the Lucca country, and the Siena, and the valleys of Tuscany. The sea is not far. But we must see what we *can* do. Let us be neighbours if possible. And let us meet if possible. It's been lovely weather here. I've written to Achsah.

Arrivederci

D H L.

No 105

*Kaffee Angermaier  
Rottach-am-Tegernsee  
Oberbayern*

12 Sept 1929

DEAR ACHSAH

. . .

Doctors came and started a cure on me with arsenic and phosphorus and raw food and no salt. I feel rather the worse for it, so am avoiding the arsenic and phosphorus. I find, though, I am becoming by choice rather a vegetarian—that is, not much meat.

Where shall we meet and where shall we find houses and be neighbours? I wish the good gods told us. We shall probably leave here next week—perhaps Venice a bit—and then—inspire me O Lord!

Where is Harwood staying at school?

Send news

D H L

No 106

*Rottach*  
*Saturday*

DEAR ACHSAH

We are leaving here on Tuesday, to go to the South of France. I was so well and so cheerful in Bandol last winter—such a sunny winter—that, all things considered, it is perhaps madness to go to Italy. We ought to be in Marseille by Friday at latest. I have written Earl to-day asking him if he wouldn't like to meet you in the Hotel Beau Rivage Bandol, Var. It is very nice, cheap, we liked it. And then we should arrange a nice neighbourly winter. We want to look round first at Cassis, to see if we can't find a nice small house there, that we can keep permanently. Cassis is two stations nearer to Marseille than Bandol. Bandol is, I think, about an hour from Marseille, in a slow train. Anyhow write me

Thomas Cook La Canebière,  
Marseille

and if you come to Bandol, we can join one another in an hour or two, even if we find something in Cassis and decide to stay on there. If Cassis is unpromising, we shall come on to Bandol, which I know I like. It has its ugly side—the French make their places ugly—but somehow the little port is so friendly and nice—I was happy there.

Well, give my blessings to Harwood, and I hope this will catch you in Totnes. Earl won't have his

letter till Wednesday, I'm afraid—perhaps Tuesday  
 But don't rush to Capri unless you feel you must

My blessings to Harwood—I'm glad she's having a  
 spell of school on her own

love from both

D H L.

No 107

*Rottach-am-Tegernsee*  
*Saturday*

DEAR EARL

I had your "birthday" letter yesterday You  
 will have had mine

This is a note to say we have decided to go straight  
 to Cassis or Bandol, from here We leave for Mar-  
 seille on Tuesday, and should be there on Thursday  
 or Friday. I was so well and so cheerful in Bandol  
 last winter, there seemed such a pleasant cheerfulness  
 in the air, that though the place is in parts *ugly*,  
 etc—still, I am sure it is best to go back there Cassis  
 is a little nearer Marseille than Bandol, and there  
 are more houses, I think—it is more scattered So  
 I think we shall stop there first, and look for a small  
 house, to rent or buy They are not at all dear If  
 we don't find what we want, go on to Bandol, to the  
 Hotel Beau Rivage, which is very nice and cheap  
 I want to have a small house, permanent, that I can  
 live in or shut up, but that I can keep, to save this  
 fret of nowhere-ness And I *know* that that is a good  
 place

I heard from Achsah—she is pining to get back to you. I am writing to her now to suggest she might meet you in the Hotel Beau Rivage, Bandol, Var, and we could try and arrange a nice neighbourly winter. But if you think she won't be happy away from Capri, stay on the island.

Well—we *may* meet in the South of France—the winter was lovely there last year, and it is utterly unlike Nice, etc.

So au revoir

D. H. L.

Am writing Achsah *just* what I write you. Your birthday! Shall we still celebrate it together

## LETTERS FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA

No. 108

*Hotel Beau Rivage*

*Bandol*

*Var*

*France*

27 Sept 1929

DEAR HARWOOD

I haven't thanked you yet for your birthday present, because I haven't seen it. My mother-in-law hasn't sent it to me yet. But now we are here, and your Aunt F has taken a house—the Villa Beau Soleil—for six months, I shall have them\* sent, and look

\* Referring to materials for writing and painting

to heaven for inspiration—or at least, strength At present I feel as weak as a kitten, but a poor weak-legged miauling brat, that ought to fall down a well I don't know why Germany made me feel so ill and worn-out this time, but it did

However, it is lovely here by the sea—about an hour from Marseille I had a letter from your father this morning, and he says that if we can find him a house, he and Achsah will probably come for the winter I am almost sure we can find a house, not very dear, so I hope they will come It is just a small place with fishermen and not many tourists, quite nice—and warm in winter And it would not be far for you—only 12 hours from Paris So it would seem to be all right

I wonder how you like your school It will seem strange at first, but I'm sure after a while you'll love it And I do hope you'll get a footing in the world among other people, and independent of your father and mother Thank goodness it is not too late Then you can come back to Earl and Achsah with a new outlook, and a new energy, and give them a share in a new Harwood You are a good sporting child, you always try to make the best of everything, so I'm sure you'll get real experience and something really worth having, out of this new move

I expect we shall move into the Villa Beau Soleil on Tuesday It is just a bungalow with six rooms, and bath, and even a little central heating plant that looks like a toy But they say it works I expect I shall blacken my face and my soul making it work

this winter—somehow I feel we shall get real cold spells. But you will be warm enough in Dartington Hall—how grand it sounds!

Well, have a nice time, and tell me if ever there is anything I can send you or do for you.

Love from us both.

D. H. L.

No. 109

*Hotel Beau Rivage  
Bandol  
Var*

17 Sept 1929

DEAR EARL

Your letter came this morning. I couldn't write you because I felt sure you would move north to meet Achsah, and I really half expected to find you both here. But I remembered your birthday . . .

We arrived Monday evening—three days ago. It seemed very lovely—so full of light and a certain newness. I am already much better. In Germany I felt I should certainly die—awful. It was psychic depression. The Germans are in an *awful* state, inwardly—but horrible. I feel that *nothing* will ever again take me north of Lyon. I dread and hate the north, it is full of death, and the most grisly disappointment. I feel already nearly myself again here—the sun and sea, the great light, and the *natural* people. I can breathe. In the north, I can't breathe.

We have taken a house for six months—Villa Beau Soleil. Write there. It is on the sea—rather

lovely—a smallish bungalow, six rooms, terrace—bath, central-heating—some neglected garden It is ordinary—but not poky—and wonderfully in the air and light We could probably find you something.

We should both be very glad if you came and joined us There are no English people here—a few French visitors—and a very few English or German drift through the hotel But the place is on the whole very natural And the country behind, a mile away, quite wild, pine forests It is half-an-hour to Toulon, and 1½ hrs to Marseille You might sail to Marseille But *don't* take Achsah from Capri if she clings to it

From here, one feels Africa. It is queer—but the direct vibration seems to be from Africa Next winter we'll go

We have got to get our trunks from Florence—a bore But I suppose Orioli will send them.

I hope Achsah reached you safely, not too tired. I will write to Harwood

love from both

D H. L

PART NINE

1929-1930





## THE LAST DAYS

I had hoped the Lawrences would go with us to Africa for the winter of 1930, but Lawrence was anxious to find a place for permanent residence in the country east of Marseille. He rented a villa at Bandol, intending to search in the country between there and Marseille for such a place as he desired. During that autumn and winter I saw him almost daily. He continued to grow weaker, generally passing his mornings in bed writing or reading. Our walks were short. the few drives tired him.

The Lawrence villa was close to the sea, and on a pleasant road bordered by pine-trees where we took brief strolls or sat on the rocks. Something in the lay of the land there reminded us both of the African country Lawrence had pictured in *The Escaped Cock*. As always, he and Frieda made us feel welcome. One day when we failed to come he wrote the following note.

No. 110

*Beau Soleil*  
*Thursday*

DEAR EARL AND ACHSAH

We had tea for you, and had home-baked bread and cakes fit to send any liver crazy—we're so sorry

you weren't feeling well enough to come. Carter told us he thought you might. I hope it will be better to-morrow. Anyhow the pump-motor is still broke, and we can't have any chauffage. But struggle around if you can, or I shall have to stagger to you. The wind makes me feel a bit stupid.

I do hope you'll both be feeling all right to-morrow.

D. H. L.

Lawrence's conversations during his last months interested me more than ever: in one of the first he said to me: "I intend to find God: I wish to realize my relation with Him. I do not any longer object to the word God. My attitude regarding this has changed. I must establish a conscious relation with God." These remarks surprised me, remembering how previously he had declared to my Brahmin friend that "God is an exhausted concept."

He spoke often of his illness, assigning different causes for it: "The hatred which my books have aroused comes back at me and gets me here"—(tapping his chest) "It seems to me there is an evil spirit in my body: if I get the better of it in one place it goes to another." He strongly believed that psychic conditions are the cause of bodily ills. During this time he gained a greater tranquillity. But his illness depressed him; often he expressed his yearning to be well. Never did he give me the impression that he thought his recovery doubtful. He was willing to try many remedies.

Lawrence's humour was quiet and rather ironical. Sometimes he showed me the strange contents of his post, on which his remarks were highly interesting. Once a long letter came from a woman chronicling her career, and offering to give the fullest details if Lawrence would use them for a book, and share the proceeds with her. His comment was "I feel like replying—it doesn't matter what the events are, if the person, to whom they befall, is without character" Again a letter arrived from a reverend gentleman—the head of a large religious group in America—saying that his congregation were divided in the interpretation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, would he please tell him what he meant by the book. Lawrence sent him his pamphlet *Pornography and Obscenity*. His rule was never to answer letters from people unknown to him, and to disregard all requests for autographs.

He often expressed himself as ashamed that he had any money saved in banks or stocks. Lawrence so intensely resented the power of money over life, that when the financial crisis fell upon the New York markets, that winter, he furiously objected to being informed, or to Frieda's even looking to see, if it had affected their investments. Yet he worried about my financial affairs, sternly warning against improvidence.

He was speaking of good and evil. "Both exist. There is good and there is evil. There is no higher plane where evil is justified. You can *never never* justify murder" He had no sympathy with my

remarks that by means of experience, through suffering and error, we arrive at wisdom which justifies all. He said "I don't care for wisdom." At other times he reiterated this.

Again I was holding forth that my surest conviction is that everyone is acting as well as he is able to do, therefore utmost compassion is the most logical attitude toward people. Lawrence sat up in bed, his eyes blazed—but not in anger—and with tremendous force and emphasis he said "*Don't you think that I KNOW YOU?*" What he meant to imply I do not know. Then he declared that he had more compassion than I. I was taken back by his personal remark, for I had been speaking impersonally. It might seem from this account that Lawrence resented my talking of what he felt I held in theory rather than in practice. On the contrary, I am sure his words contained no such resentment. He was simply stating the truth as he deeply felt it—that he *knew* me, that compassion was stronger in him. He was aware of his suffering which his compassion had entailed. But the incident still haunts me, as though I had missed some of its meaning. It was more of an affirmation than a question. Was it the declaration of his insight into our spiritual being, and the ties which unite us; the brotherhood which exists between us?

I reflect now from that incident how differently compassion manifests. Lawrence's compassion was of his *feelings* and ravaged him, in this respect he was Christian. It was actively manifest in many ways. He felt keenly the suffering of individuals and

promptly sought to aid them · constantly, gifts of money and thoughtfully chosen things were being made by him to people of all sorts in various lands. He tried to help younger writers Injustice done to others he felt as much as most of us do when it is meted out to ourselves. It angered and wore on him But does not compassion include more? Is that not also compassion which is of the mind, not suffering yet *understanding* and *forgiving*? Probably Lawrence cared less for this, and would not have agreed with the saying that “to know all is to forgive all”

Lawrence believed himself to have been more deeply aware of the ancient and prehistoric culture than our modern historians One afternoon when we were alone together I listened thrilled by his description of ancient Egyptian life Occasionally he would hesitate, stop, and then say. “No, I shall not tell that—no, no, why should I? You have only to look at Egyptian and Babylonian sculpture to see how different their culture was from what historians have described Look at the seated Egyptian gods The ancients had an ideal of splendour and power of which the man of to-day has no comprehension” I wonder if the modern reader is not unprepared for Plato’s emphasis on splendour as a personal ideal. Lawrence often spoke in a way which implied that he was in possession of occult knowledge

Lawrence was enjoying the Moffatt translation of the Bible; he remarked · “A great book should be retranslated every ten years.” He used to say

Jesus should not have allowed Judas to betray him : and that it was not enough to have said to Satan " Get thee behind me " He felt that men of spiritual insight should not renounce power, that for the sake of the world it was their duty to exercise power Lawrence remarked " I am almost certain that Jesus never expected to be crucified " Once Lawrence asked " What would Jesus have done if when he told the rich young man to go and sell all that he had and give it to the poor, the young man had offered his wealth to Jesus ? "

. . .

Remembering how often people with affected lungs live for many years in that condition, we could not believe those were Lawrence's last days We thought with proper care he would recover Perhaps he intentionally hid from us the seriousness of his conditions , but he always spoke cheerfully of future plans I cannot believe he thought his death was near My wife and I had taken an old farmhouse a few miles distance from Bandol Lawrence motored over to see us several times and talked of coming to stay with us in the spring , we planned to have a tent for him under a great pine-tree near our house

Yet the time came (in early February) when after much debating he decided to try a sanatorium at Vence—which is on the hills behind Nice and Cannes—about five hours journey from Bandol I drove with him and Frieda to Toulon, where we took the train for Antibes The train was so crowded that

Frieda engaged a private compartment. It was a day of bright moving clouds and intermittent sunshine. All three of us were depressed by the thought of a sanatorium: now it seems that the seriousness of our mood had been like a dim intuition. But we enjoyed the beauty of the country and marvelled at the blossoming almond trees. Like the fleeting sunshine of the day itself the conversation at times became gay and amusing. At Antibes Lawrence was met by friends who motored us to Vence. he talked and seemed very much himself.

At the sanatorium Lawrence was assigned a room with walls of a deep overpowering blue, but it had a large terrace overlooking a vast expanse of mountains and sea. He at once gave me the impossible task of finding him something readable from the library of the sanatorium, which was largely composed of French translations of Walter Scott. It seemed remarkable to me that Lawrence had brought no books with him. He was grateful when I brought masses of orange-coloured flowers to his room, counteracting those awful blue walls and making them recede somewhat.

There were days when he liked the place, and was glad that he had come, again he was in pain and it was all wrong. The following letter to my wife was written during our first days there.



## No. III

*Ad Astra*  
*Vence A M*  
*Wed*

DEAR ACHSAH

Well, here I am—and it's not so bad. I feel better for the change, for the higher level, and the escaping from Beau Soleil. Here one is in the sky again, and on top of things. There, one was underneath.

The doctors don't insist on rest, like Morland—they suggest I go down to meals, two flights of *steep* stairs, alas! And I have the ordinary hotel food—but good food. Still, I feel better, I feel I have escaped something. The doctors X-rayed me a long while—the lung has hardly moved since Mexico—the broncs are very bad—and the liver inflamed and enlarged—all very boring. But I believe a certain amount of movement is necessary for me. I don't seem to have any fever.

It was a lovely day—I was out in the garden a bit—and sat on my balcony. There is a mimosa tree in blossom. Earl will be coming to-morrow. He looks better and fresher for his change.

Frieda wants to come back to Beau Soleil on Saturday, and pack up, and then move into the Casa dei Sogni—I hope she's wise.

What a world it is! But I shall see you soon—and I hope before very long I shall be pitching my tent in the shade of the Chateau Brun.

love.

D. H. L.

The doctors had encouraging reports, but Lawrence's weight was shockingly little. He said that he would try the sanatorium for a month, then he would see, perhaps he might learn how to care for himself better by being there. Yes, in the spring he might come to us for a bit, and if he were strong enough—oh, he would like to go back to New Mexico. I referred to the hard railway journey that would entail in America, but he was strongly of the opinion that our great trains are more comfortable than the European ones.

There seemed the possibility of my making a brief visit to India—returning in May. Lawrence declared that surely I must go. It seemed the vaguest possibility, and when I said good-bye to Lawrence, after a couple of weeks, our thought was rather that I would soon return to Venice with my painting materials to work in that neighbourhood.

Soon after my return home I received the following:

No. 112

*Vence*  
*Friday*

DEAR EARL

. What woes!—you must tell me if you get into straits—what a bore!

I'm rather worse than better—doesn't suit me here—have awful bad nights, cough and pain—and seems they can't do anything for me. I was better



How much did those shares bring you, actually ?  
Tell me.

Ida and Barby are both very good. We talk of  
you I *do* hope Achsah's face is better—worrying,  
that is.

It's beastly weather.

love.

D. H. L

. . . .

Jo Davidson came and made a clay head of  
me—made me tired

. . . . .

This was the last letter I was to have from Lawrence At Port Said I received the telegram announcing his death

He, who had declared himself the harbinger of  
my journeys, had preceded me on the greater journey.

As the days pass, I am ever more aware of my  
great loss, but also ever more aware of the great  
treasure Lawrence has left for all who will accept it



## BOOK TWO

*Reminiscences by* ACHSAH BREWSTER



## FOREWORD

THESE REMINISCENCES of Lawrence extend over the last nine years of his life, during which time we were privileged to have his friendship.

A puritan with profound religious conviction, a man with reverence for life, an extraordinarily sensitive artist, he left a rich legacy. This needs no apology or explanation, only acceptance in the same spirit with which it was given; *acceptance*, not agreement, with respect and gratitude for the courage of a brave man who dared to speak his profound convictions.

These memories are strung together in a time sequence alone. Many of the incidents are trivial, but Lawrence had the power of linking paltry occurrences with enduring reality. He had a way of transmuting the dull stuff of life into cloth-of-gold, he could lead one from a blade of grass to the Brahma world.

Vivid as is the writing of Lawrence, it is less than the speech that poured from his lips, more convincing than either, was the man himself. He was redolent of life, its goodness and beauty and truth. Whatever he was, whatever he had, he shared with all, keeping nothing back.

He had no need to withhold, for he was a living fountain that had tapped the stream of life, which flowed inexhaustibly through him



It must not be forgotten that his sensitive childhood was moulded by his adored mother, who was a Wesleyan, and that the puritan conscience and the Wesleyan chapel were the determining factors throughout his life

Lawrence might have been chosen by Bradley as the paradox par excellence in his *World as Appearance and Reality*. He was continually escaping into an otherworldness and elsewhere. He was more than three-dimensional. What have seemed inconsistencies and mistakes have often revealed themselves as due to his seeking perfection never to be found. As he said "Heaven is my home!"

It was certainly not the wish for novelty or diversion that kept him moving about. He never travelled rapidly, making quick changes between hotels from place to place, instead he found a house and began a real life of his own wherever he was. Some of the seeming wish for change was due to his bodily weariness, the feeling that besets all sufferers that they will be better if only they are somewhere else!

How the real Lawrence escapes us! On our fingers we can enumerate many of his qualities, attribute by attribute, yet the living man slips through ungrasped

ACHSAH BARLOW BREWSTER  
Château Brun  
St Cyr-sur-mer  
I ar  
France

N B —These memories were written before other posthumous expositions of his life appeared in print. It has seemed best to leave them untouched since emphasis held in common is important

PART ONE

1921



## CAPRI

IT WAS a bright May morning in Capri when I first saw him. He did not seem the tormented soul, tortured beyond endurance—as he had been described to us—when suddenly he came liting along through the poppies under the olives on the upper terrace of Quattro Venti, the sun shining on his warm brown hair, making his beard flicker in red flames on his long chin. His eyes were of a blue to match the sea and sky, wide apart and set low under the dome of his forehead. Debonair and gay he moved with lithe precision, subtly directed as a panther, his feet alive in his shoes. His delicate hands were instinct with sensibility—falling into repose simply as does a cat. Peace rested on his quiet hands. The nose was blunted and from certain angles together with his great brow suggested the statues of Socrates. His mouth was curiously unmodelled like those the Greeks assigned to Pan and the satyrs. A trick of drooping the head pensively, his gentle expression, the dignity of his pose, the way the beard grew from his delicate, high cheek-bones, the fall of his hair over the forehead, all these made him look like the Christ figure on many a carved crucifix. Again he seemed like Whistler's portrait of Carlyle. In the Paris Salon I have seen a carved wooden head,

painted, with blue eyes and red beard, labelled "the bolshevik" It might have been done for Lawrence For me these images merge and shift, but there is left always a brightness of flaming beard and blue eyes, a shine of some fire glowing within His voice was individual, low, with a reed timbre, flexible, full of variation He had a silent little laugh when he would just open his mouth and swallow it down Again he had a short snort of indignation, but mostly a low mirth-provoking laugh Well, there he stood, laugh and all, debonair and gay, out in the poppies under the olives Springtime seemed much more springtime because he was there

He had been passing through the Roman Campagna and was full of its loveliness When we said that we had lived out there on a hill under Anticoli Corrado, at a place called San Filippo, his blue eyes beamed as he exclaimed that he had lived there, also in that very garden where the great fountain spurted up through the ilex trees

He was on his way from Taormina We mentioned that there we had gone on our honeymoon, living a Theocritan idyll in a spot called Fontana Vecchia Lawrence ran his long fingers through the mass of hair twisting a lock, announcing that this was the very place where he was making his home at the time We must know if the carob tree by the fountain (where in his poem the snake crawled) was as large and shady as ever

Didn't he like to have PACE carved on the threshold? Peace, he rejoined, carved in molten black lava,

red-hot peace! He went down the path, this man of red-hot peace, who had found the same remote corners that we had found, probably for the same reasons—more beauty, solitude, reality, simplicity

Again in the afternoon Lawrence came swinging up the garden path. We were alone, and he told us that he was writing *Aaron's Rod*, and began outlining the story. It seemed more beautiful as he narrated it in his low sonorous voice with the quiet gesture of his hands, than it ever could written in a book. Suddenly he stopped, after Aaron had left his wife and home and broken with his past, gravely asking what he should do with him now.

We ventured that only two possible courses were left to a man in his straits—either to go to Monte Cassino and repent, or else to go through the whole cycle of experience

He gave a quiet chuckle of surprise and added that those were the very possibilities he had seen, that first he had intended sending him to Monte Cassino, but found instead that Aaron had to go to destruction to find his way through from the lowest depths

The next morning he came for a walk. In the evening he returned for dinner and stayed for hours. It was cold. The fire burned red in that small stove called a "Porcellino", beside which he sat on the green-tiled floor, his hands clasped around his knees, telling us the news and gossip of Taormina. We could see each person he mentioned, so perfect was his mimicry—our first experience of him as an impersonator.

We were seized with the desire to go on tours of exploration. Lawrence was fired with enthusiasm and maintained that what we needed was a "lugger". Then we should start and go—up, down, around, inside and outside of every piece of land on this terrestrial globe. We should put geography into practice. Many happy hours we lingered, planning to lugger around the world. We should stop just wherever and whenever we pleased and the seas were to behave accordingly. We seemed to need only the tiniest crew, in fact maybe we could manage it by ourselves, if we could do what was required by the captain. It looked as though Lawrence would be the captain! Often we think lingeringly of that phantom lugger that never materialized.

Earl and I were projecting a Buddhistic pilgrimage in the autumn. When the next day he left Capri Lawrence promised to see us again before we departed for Ceylon.

Thus at the end of September Lawrence and his wife came to visit us. Our daughter had been making a herbarium. True botanist and lover of flowers, he went over the pages carefully, correcting, enlarging the labels, treating the collection with the dignity due a child of eight, which was fully appreciated by the little girl, who accepted him full-heartedly. She brought out a volume of short stories written and illustrated by herself and read *The Cat's Mother* to him, whereupon he announced that he could do the same thing launching forth into a long yarn. I remember nothing of it except the

amusement and pleasure it left, and that it kept on and on.

One evening his wife, Frieda, induced him to describe a concert in which an æsthetic lady played upon the psaltery. Lawrence rose languidly, arranging imaginary robes that flowed and trailed around him, seating himself gracefully and played with languishing movements long arpeggios upon the psaltery, chanting in an ecstatic voice. Cadences rushed into crescendo and lulled away into rapt silences where he sat with his hands clasped over the imaginary psaltery, his eyes closed in rapture. Full poems were chanted and gracious encores given in this amazing performance.

A canvas of St Francis preaching to the birds was tacked up on the studio wall. Lawrence stood still and asked fiercely why that miserable-looking fellow had been painted, to which I rejoined that friends said it looked like him, D H. Lawrence. I agreed that it did. He made a wry face and wanted to know why it was abstract, since people cannot be abstract, and there ensued a discussion on hieratic art.

He burst forth "You three are just sitting upon rosy clouds. Look out that they don't let you down. At any rate you'll get a good dampening and catch cold."

They left going south to Taormina, their arms full of presents for the *contadina* family at Fontana Vecchia, something for Ciccio and Ciccia, and Ciccia's baby, and Carmelo, and a dress pattern of black-and-white shepherd's plaid for Grazia, the



mother. We asked if Grazia saluted him with a kiss as was her custom

“Aye, that she does,” Lawrence answered, holding up the plaid “I rather fancy her in a full skirt of this with a bright handkerchief over her head”

PART TWO

1922



## KANDY

AFTER OUR arrival in Ceylon, with much searching we had found a home of our own, "Ardnaree". It stood on a hill amidst great groves and jungles, high over the Lake of Kandy. Here Lawrence and Frieda joined us. Pepper-vines and crimson cocoa-pods festooned the drives, jak and bread-fruit trees spread out their green, slender areca palms shot into the air. It was a beautiful spot, with magnificent views from every side of our hill, and the broad verandahs gave each of us a quiet corner of our own. I remember their arrival and Frieda's exclaiming that it was the loveliest spot in the world and Lawrence's saying, "I shall never leave it". That was the first day.

They arrived carrying in their hands the side of a Sicilian cart, painted with scenes from the Palladins. They had admired these painted carts, and a Sicilian friend had taken the opportune moment to give them the broad-side of one as a steamer present. The Saracens looked quite at home on our walls.

One of the first things Lawrence did was to walk around the lake, when he pulled out his watch, which had refused to go, and threw it into the middle of the lake. On his return to the house we were sitting on the north verandah for tiffin, laughing over the episode, when he touched my husband's watch-chain,

admiring the design of the curious links of silver-gold, which had been picked up in Kandy. He measured it with his eye and announced that the chain was too long—twice as much as needed, and added: "Let me have the other half." With delicate dexterity he pried open the links. A second fob was found and attached, making the two chains complete. Each of the two put the other half of the same chain into his own pocket.

Generally we sat on the north verandah in the morning. There was early breakfast: then tiffin: then the child went to a little school and Earl studied Pali in a monastery across the lake. Frieda stretched out on a rattan couch, sewed and embroidered with bright silks. Lawrence sat curled up with a school-boy's copy-book in his hand, writing away. He was translating Giovanni Verga's short stories from the Sicilian. Across the pages of the copy-book his hand moved rhythmically, steadily, unhesitatingly, leaving a trail of exquisite, small writing as legible as print. No blots no scratchings marred its beauty. When the book was finished he wrapped and tied it up sending it off to the publisher. All of this went on in the family circle. Frieda would come for consultation as to whether the rabbit's legs should be embroidered in yellow or white. The pen would be lifted a moment then go on across the page. Sometimes Lawrence would stop and consult us about the meaning of a word, considering seriously whatever comments were offered. He listened gravely and attentively to everyone.

Each night after the child had been safely tucked into bed, after Frieda and I had read a chapter of *Swiss Family Robinson* to her, we shivered as we walked the length of the verandah to the drawing-room. Perhaps a boa-constrictor, like the one that swallowed the donkey, would roll up his coils and bounce down upon us. We shut the door very tight and Lawrence held the lamp down to the crack to see if it were large enough for a cobra to squeeze through. He was convinced that the cobra would manage to get in. Then he would read what he had written through the day.

In the ceiling of each room was a skylight and at night not only could we hear mortal conflicts over our heads, but could see the wild-cats through the glass on the roof—five or six of them in combat. In the morning often there would be a trail of blood where a wounded snake had dragged his length. Sometimes we would hear a shot, and the watchman would announce the following day that he had killed a Russel's Viper. There was always a consciousness of teeming life, by day or night. The little mongoose and striped chipmunks ran up and down the trees; birds alighted where we sat, counting us one of themselves, crows came flapping greedily to snatch any chance morsel or glittering trinket, the trotting-bull came up on the verandah when he was thirsty. Lawrence and the child gave it water in the wash-bowl, holding it while the bull drank. The birds made a loud metallic clangour. One bird repeated an insistent crescendo eight times until the last cry was

deafening. Lawrence dubbed him the "bell of hell" and forthwith began to sing the verses of that Salvation Army hymn:

"The bells of hell go ting-a ling-a ling  
For you, but not for me"

This was done with a very personal emphasis and an air of self-righteousness. He often sang

At six o'clock the sun gave a plunge into the lake below, with a crimson gleam that immediately sank into night. The blue hills vanished into black silhouettes and the tall areca palms swayed in the wind; the stars came out over the lake which shone below us. "Tom-tom, tom-tom-tom; tom-tom, tom-tom-tom," boomed up from the Temple of the Tooth through the night. We often sat on the steps leading down from the front verandah which faced the west. After its glory had faded Lawrence and Frieda would sing in the dark. For the first time there I heard them sing:

"Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,  
And Joseph married Mary, the queen of Galilee"

Lawrence enjoyed especially the last verse where Mary retorts to Joseph:

"And so you see, Joseph, there *are* cherries for me!"

One morning he went to put on his topee (cork-hat), which he had taken off his head the night before, and found a family of rats had made it their home. The toeming life of the place horrified him.

When a dead leaf from the cocoa-nut palm fell with a crash like a bomb we all jumped in fear. There was an undercurrent of nervous dread lest something awful might happen. On moonlight nights, James the cook, the *appu*, Banda the water boy, and *ayah* assembled on the front verandah after we had gone to bed. They made *pūja* to a Buddha painting, then sat cross-legged chanting. Their voices rose and fell in a strange rhythm. Lawrence would say, "Who knows whether they are praying; they may be planning to kill us in cold blood!"

Every day on the table stood a row of six sweets—camel's milk, preserved melon, jaggery-palm sugar, cocoanut sweets invariably, and two other possibilities. The cook dished up wonderful concoctions, rich plum puddings, curries. "How wonderful," said Frieda. So did we all at first, then we began to shake our heads when *appu* passed them solemnly. Lawrence asked in a melancholy voice if it were necessary to have sweets of camel's milk always on the table. Then Frieda brought forth a bottle labelled "liver mixture" and poured out a tablespoonful for each in turn. By the next day Lawrence was heard wishing he could have a bread pudding instead of cocoanut cream with meringue on the top—those dreadful bread puddings he relished. Even with the "liver-mixtures" the climate told on us all, especially on Lawrence, who could scarcely drag about. The season was unusually hot, yet we none of us wished to leave for the higher hills.

Immediately upon his arrival Lawrence had



announced that he should tell us all our faults. His horror of repression made him believe that between friends all annoyances should be spoken forth, both to relieve oneself and to clear the situation between them. He tried to put into words what others leave tacit, even in the most trivial matter.

Hastily deciding to go to the village I asked if I were in proper order, to which he answered: "If I were Frieda I should say you look perfectly *beautiful*! but being myself I shall say, you look *decent*."

A workman was arranging a screen on the verandah where we were seated. He was alert, with sure, graceful movement and fine head, his dark eyes flashing, his features regular, the beard clipped in an elegant line. Lawrence pensively watched him, announcing that he resembled his father—the same clean-cut and exuberant spirit, a true pagan. He added that he had not done justice to his father in *Sons and Lovers* and felt like rewriting it. When children they had accepted the dictum of their mother that their father was a drunkard, therefore was contemptible, but that as Lawrence had grown older he had come to see him in a different light, to see his unquenchable fire and relish for living. Now he blamed his mother for her self-righteousness, her invulnerable Christian virtue within which she was entrenched. She had brought down terrible scenes of vituperation upon their heads from which she might have protected them. She would gather the children in a row and they would sit quaking, waiting for their father to return while she would picture

his shortcomings blacker and blacker to their childish horror. At last the father would come in softly, taking off his shoes, hoping to escape unnoticed to bed, but that was never allowed him. She would burst out upon him, reviling him for a drunken sot, a good-for-nothing father. She would turn to the whimpering children and ask them if they were not disgusted with such a father. He would look at the row of frightened children, and say: "Never mind, my duckies, you needna be afraid of me. I'll do ye na harm."

Lawrence could not forgive his mother for having dragged them into those unnecessary scenes. Shaking his head sadly at the memory of that beloved mother, he would add that the righteous woman martyred in her righteousness is a terrible thing and that all self-righteous women ought to be martyred. He sat watching the workman intently, then he reiterated that there was a bit of a gleam about his father, and he wished he had done him more justice.

When a copy of *The Rainbow* appeared on the verandah he snatched it away, saying that the very sight of it was repugnant to him, it had caused him so much suffering. The public had misunderstood him always, even at college, when in his writing a paper he had used the word "stallion", his English professor had taken him aside and said. "My boy, that is a word we do not use." After this reminiscence he hung his head as if in shame for the public who could not face life.

His humanity was outraged at driving in rickshaws. When, frail as he was, he needed to be carried

uphill through the heat, he simply could not allow a rickshaw boy to pull him, but got out and walked

Full of enthusiasm he would come home from the bazaars with bits of bright cotton, plaids, stripes, shot patterns of changeable colours, sandals and beads. We all would fashion them into garments. I can remember standing for hours while Frieda draped a handwoven, gold-bordered Madura saree, Earl insisting it should fall in the lines of a Tanagra figure, and Lawrence finally ripping the whole thing off to demonstrate just how many pleats there should be in the skirt, and where the folds should fall from the shoulders.

Like everyone else in Ceylon he became fascinated by precious stones. The merchants would show us their treasures and tell tales about jewels. Lawrence bought clear, bright, blue sapphires and moon-stones.

In honour of the Prince of Wales' visit a great *pera-heia* or religious procession of elephants was arranged. All the available elephants were collected, a hundred or more—tall dark ones with legs like palm-trees and backs like boulders, silver-grey ones speckled over their faces as if they were freckled. Richly caparisoned were they, with velvets and fringes, tassels and tinkling bells. In front of them ran attendants continually spreading out white cloth that the sacred elephants need never tread the earth. Devil dancers, some of them on stilts, performed amazing antics. Drummers and tom-tom players and pipers made strange, pulsating music.

We remained until the last sky-rocket sank away into the lake. The pale prince sat in the tower of the Temple of the Tooth reviewing the procession Every elephant salaaming before him: which scene Lawrence describes in his poem *Elephant*

Lawrence would sit for hours pondering the new heaven of these eastern skies He had a vivid star-consciousness, and would lament that people narrowed their view, hardly noticing the stars, not realizing that they were star-doomed.

One day I asserted a belief in the communion of saints. To my surprise Lawrence rejoined that he felt a bond of deep communion with all the great and good ones of all time Very quietly he added that angels were waiting to help man An agonized look transformed his face as he added that often he had implored their help, but even the angels had failed him during the war

. A plump young Singhalese would come and relate tales about snakes, especially the "honourable cobra". Lawrence, his bright eyes watching intently to catch whatever his slightly deficient hearing might lose, listened spell-bound to records of snake suicide, their tender concern for the blind, remedies for snake-bites according to the hour of the day and the exact location of the bite and the gesture of the victim, pet cobras in school gardens milk-fed by the children A tactful word of assent or leading question from Lawrence kept the yarn spinning Our narrator admired Frieda, who looked to him like pictures of Buddhist saints.

She had lost a brooch given her by Lawrence. It was a hot day, which oppressed Lawrence beyond endurance, so this occurrence caused him to utter a long diatribe against the sin of carelessness, hardly had his burning words been uttered than in a low voice he recanted them all, saying gently that big things alone count and prudence spends itself in pettiness.

During the rainy season the rains came at exactly ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, timed to a minute. We knew how to calculate, except for the first one. We had started out for a walk and were well on our way, when the rain fell, not in gentle drops, but in deluges, one second had drenched us to the bone as though we had been dropped into the sea. Our hair hung like dripping seaweed, our garments clung to us so that we could barely totter, rain poured in cataracts from our cork-hats. We splashed breathlessly to the verandahs. Lawrence stood gaunt and white in the swirl of water. Although it was a tepid bath, and we were glowing with warmth after our climb uphill, still this drenching may have done us no good. As the rainy season continued we felt as mildewed as our garments in the recesses of the rooms where there was waged a continual battle against mould. Lawrence sat disconsolately, his voice reduced to a minor key, reiterating that he felt his "heart's blood oozing away, but literally ebbing out drop by drop." When I added that I had no cosmic consciousness or universal love left, it seemed to raise his spirits! He became

quite gay and carefree at the mere thought of having lost such a load.

Lawrence was deeply conscious of our daughter, Harwood, and took an interest in her concerns, which extended even to a doll whose smashed face had been replaced by a home-made affair of a painted silk stocking. This poor substitute was dubbed by Lawrence "Swabina" (dish-cloth). This was resented:

"She's little Lucile"

"No, that's Swabina."

"She's Lucile"

"Swabina!"

This anomalous doll drove about in an even more anomalous carriage created by a local carpenter. Lawrence enjoyed the sight of Swabina seated in this white hearse of a chariot that Harwood rumbled around the verandahs, and when it came time to pack he stood staunchly by her demand that she take the perambulator back to Europe with her. For this end he worked hours in the wilting heat, removing the solid wheels and massive handles, packing them around the body of the cart which he filled with her books. A neat arrangement but immovable!—to be inherited by *ayah's* baby!

Before leaving Ceylon, as we had now decided to do shortly, we took many excursions, motoring through the green sea of jungle. A particularly happy trip which Lawrence enjoyed with gusto was the one up to the heights of Nuwara Ehiya. We startled a herd of deer crossing our road, the way led first through palms and tropical plants under a

hot sun, then tea plantations. When we reached Nuwara Eliya, with its stunted pines, the hoar frost lay thick on the ground. The bazaars of the village enticed us within. Lawrence with one glance discovered the treasure there among the usual tawdry array, and bore off with satisfaction some fine red lacquer candlesticks from Cashmere painted with flowers. He turned them about, inspecting each petal, saying that they were doubly interesting to him because at one time he had saved all the tin boxes and glass bottles that came his way and had decorated them with lacquer-painted flowers.

Another day, breathlessly hot, we set forth to find an isolated tribe of people, said to be descended from kings but now outcasts, who lived in the remote jungles. They wove reed mats with red and black designs of ducks, elephants and other creatures. Following Lawrence's lead in single file along a path barely visible in the rank growth, suddenly we came upon the stinking skins of animals pegged out on the ground to dry in the sweltering sunshine, the skins still bloody and swarming with flies. Lawrence turned hurriedly from the sickening sight. His sensibilities were outraged.

Lawrence visited with us old rock temples where the champak flowers were fragrant on the trees nearby. Earl and I would enter with our hands full of the pale gold and rosy blossoms to make offerings, removing shoes and hats to pay homage to the silent Buddha figures in the caves: coming out, there would be Lawrence standing in his shoes, hat tight on his head,

declaring that there was no use, he did not belong there and could not join in.

Lawrence watched the monkeys swinging from the trees, and had a wholesome respect for the size and disposition of the elephants hauling timber on the road.

As the days passed the heat grew worse. Our rattan beds sagged in the middle like hammocks. We all were miserable and Lawrence could scarcely drag about. He had been awarded a prize of one hundred pounds for the best English novel of the season, *The Lost Girl*. Feeling free to move off he sailed for America by way of the South Sea and Australia. We were packing together, they to go further east, we to come west.





# PART THREE

1926



LAWRENCE'S THIRD VISIT TO  
TORRE DEI QUATTRO VENTI, CAPRI

AFTER LEAVING Ceylon we eventually returned to our old haunts, Torre dei Quattro Venti, Capri, where we remained during the next four years. In March, 1926, we were again preparing to go East. During this interval the Lawrences had travelled much—to New Mexico, Old Mexico, to Europe, back to America, and now they had returned again recently to Europe.

On the eve of our departure for India everything at Quattro Venti was being packed, when Lawrence had appeared, asking if it would be inconvenient to put him up. He was keener than ever about our getting a lugger and all of us going to the East by way of it, he recalled someone who had purchased an old freighter and when finally arriving in China had sold the boat at a profit. The lugger was postponed, but Lawrence promised to join us in India in the autumn if we advised it.

Out on the terrace of Quattro Venti, sitting in the spring sunshine, we were talking of the curse of money. He related his story of *The Rocking-Horse Winner*, bringing money, but the little boy's death. The tale was told of a woman's inheriting a fortune, whereupon she bought herself a close collar of pearls,

soon afterward a bee stung her on the throat, which swelled before the collar could be removed, choking her to death. Someone else recounted that a poor farmer inherited forest land which he sold for ten thousand dollars. When he was told it should have brought twenty thousand, he was so chagrined that he hanged himself on one of the trees. There seemed no end of such tales. Lawrence decided at once to write a volume of them under the title of "Tales of the Four Winds" from which the proceeds should be divided equally among us, that the curse of the riches should be shared by us all. We might invest them in the lugger.

I was remonstrating with the child over some trifle when Lawrence said: "That is like my mother, who would look at me reproachfully, and say: 'You used to be such a dear good boy, Bertie.'" His eyes looked blue and innocent, and his mouth turned up so demurely that the child burst into laughter.

With red hair like his, of course, he would have a temper, I remarked. To this he took exception, announcing that his hair was not red, that it used to be pure yellow gold and now was brown; his beard might be red, but his hair was golden brown! Looking again, I could see that he was right, but it seemed surprising, and still does.

One radiant morning Lawrence, Brett and I were rattling down in a little carriage from Anacapri; Lawrence was sitting on the seat with the driver, facing us, swaying with each lurch of the carriage; Brett was expostulating with me against fear and

my dread of going to India. I replied that anything could be faced when need be, but there were many things not to be chosen recklessly. We were rumbling past the madonna in her grotto where blue lithospermum and narcissus were blossoming in every crevice. Lawrence pointed at the masses of bloom, saying that if you pulled the flowers up and put them in the wrong place they would die. He said decisively. "It's not fear. She knows her own life current."

In the dismantled library we were playing charades one evening. With his hair plastered down into bangs, a red bow tie under his chin, he was a clerk in a shoe-shop—the empty library shelves stocked with all the stray shoes the house had. The skill with which he argued his customers into buying what they did not want would have been the envy of any salesman.

The packing had continued throughout his visit. Bit by bit was stowed away until there was left the last tattered sheet, and no table linen. A stream of people came to see him—newspaper correspondents and photographers. Lawrence stayed on to the end, closing the garden gate as we drove down to the boat in the harbour.



PART FOUR

1927





## RAVELLO

ON OUR return from India a year later we were staying in Ravello. It was early spring and still cold. Close around the hearth where great logs burned we gathered and talked—Lawrence, Earl, the child and I. We were staying on a beautiful estate above Amalfi. Lawrence was visiting us, while Frieda was in Germany with her mother.

In the formal dining-hall the four of us gathered at one end of the enormous refectory table. Lawrence would taste his bouillon and with a sweeping gesture at the child exclaim. "Ah, Jupiter Pluvius!" Bouillon, ever since, has remained for me Jupiter Pluvius. He would pretend surprise at the sight of meat, observing that we were unlike most vegetarians, who would not allow even their dog a bone. After we had dined we would run for our lives up the winding staircases, shivering over the terrace, back to our own special hearth corner. He would turn to the chubby child, whom he called Schwanhild, asking what we should do, to which the invariable response was, that she wanted Uncle David to tell about the people he knew or stories of when he was a little boy.

He would then describe in rich detail some of his friends and acquaintances. I can see the vivid array

so clearly We heard of their longings and successes, their mistakes and tragedies, their shortcomings, their qualities, fine and otherwise—even all their little accessories—their hats and veils, the rows of their tiny shoes, their boot-laces, their ear-rings Surely they would be amazed if they knew all the details he had remembered and recounted, unless they too have listened amused and charmed by such descriptions He shared his emotions about his friends as he shared everything he had He described his own family—his Aunt Pem who baked buns—“Very good they were too, large and full of plums—which she sold six for threepence My word, I’d like one now!” he laughed “You went down two steps to enter her shop and a little bell tinkled when you opened the door She was short and plump, she drove about in a little chaise every bit of which she filled—it was drawn by a small donkey”

“Ever heard of ‘Lawrence’s Salve’?” he asked, his eyes twinkling One of his uncles made an ointment prized by the miners Whenever they had a pain they would come for “Lawrence’s Salve” His uncle would heat the plaster before the fire until it was piping hot, and then slap it on to the aching back of the victim “And then how the miners yelled!”

How gently he described his brother’s frail little boy, who lived much of the time in Lawrence’s childhood home, how once the child had a terrible abscess on his face, and the agony of waiting for that to burst, then Lawrence had carried him in his arms for days.

Lawrence declared that he still had a recurring nightmare in which the child would run to meet him, as he used to do, with his arms outstretched for Lawrence to carry him, but where the child was running was a dangerous precipice

He became much absorbed when he talked about the miners of his native village. They drank heavily and led free lives. He recounted how the Bethel Chapel engaged a famous Evangelist for a revival meeting—a man of eloquence equipped with personal information about the various delinquents. The revivalist assumed the character of Saint Peter with the book of Judgment Day before him, as he turned over the pages of the large Bible. The audience were electrified as he scrutinized the open book, very carefully searching, it seemed, for the name, as he thundered “Will *your* name be written there, Richard Smith? What will it say to your having reeled home this morning at 130?” Then his fateful finger pointed to Jim Murphy in the middle row “Will *your* name be written there, James Patrick Murphy? What will the Lord say to your painted Jezebel?” The finger kept on its way prying out each sinner. It felt like the terrible Judgment Day and the effect was tremendous

Lawrence gave a quiet laugh and continued his story. It needed only a year before it was considered necessary to have another revival meeting. The same evangelist was called again. But he had forgotten the sermon of his last year’s visit, so when he began to repeat it word for word, and wagged his accusing

finger the sinners nudged each other and cared not a damn whether their names were written there or not!

"Yet, on the walls of our Sunday Schoolroom was written 'Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness'—not a bad thing to be brought up on!" Lawrence remarked

One day he expostulated for long against old paintings "Why not hang something fresh and new by a living artist? What if the living artist did have the fun of painting the picture, others should have the fun of seeing it too! Even though beauty was in the eye of the beholder and each must create it for himself, we need fresh vision and living beauty from outside too, not dead things encumbering the walls and the mausoleums of museums. Though pictures should die as well as everything else, the shorter lived the better for most, fifty years would be a ripe old age. Perhaps the fulfilment of beauty lies in the joy of creating it. But it must be shared too. The sharing creates another beauty. The real thing is to see beauty and dwell in it continually."

I needed a model for one of the wise men and for Joseph in the canvas I was painting at that time. Lawrence stood still, submitting to a white burnous over his head, and held a soap-dish outstretched in his hand as the wise man's offering. Two pencil notes were made and painted later. He would not keep still, as he maintained that life is motion, and if you could not seize on motion in motion you would not catch a glimpse of life.

Eager as a child with a new toy, singing in bursts of happy excitement, he began to paint a picture. It was going to be a crucifixion with Pan and the nymphs in the foreground. It passed through many metamorphoses and ended by being Pan and the nymphs, without the crucifixion. He was very busy over it, and exuberantly happy while he painted. It was one of his largest pictures (30 x 40 inches or more), and he was greatly pleased with the result.

Lawrence was commiserating over some indisposition, saying how full life was of miserable things. When I rejoined that it also was full of blessings I could not be euchered out of a happy life, since already I had had one. He admitted that he too had had his fill of joy. He was carrying in his hand a cerise anemone that the March wind had blown open; we agreed that we could depart in peace after beholding so much of the glory of the Lord. Then after a pause Lawrence said: "Such alone can depart in peace!"

We were discussing the quality of *genius*. He assented that his genius was religious, since it was the search for truth which alone freed and vitalized him.

When we were considering the subject of bringing up the young, he maintained that if he had had a son he should have educated him for the highest class of society; the true aristocrat or the proletariat being the only ones who could enjoy life without inhibitions. When they were boys they could do anything, a rich and varied existence. "Imagine being a bourgeois, brought up as a nice, little mardy-boy!" Lawrence

complained seriously that he did not feel he belonged to any class of society

He spoke of human contacts, of the unique beauty possible in relationship, using his favourite symbol. "For me the rainbow interprets this (as well as hope), the glory shining between every two people which can exist only between them. Each human relationship should be a glorious rainbow"

Lawrence was discussing that inexhaustible subject, marriage. He observed that it seemed incidental and accidental in many lives. But perhaps it was only a seeming, and the Hindus were right to believe that the hand of Fate deals out three events—birth, marriage and death—and that no man can escape his fate. He held marriage to be an eternal sacrament which nothing could alter.

Again as we sat around the fire he would turn to the child "Schwanhild", and suggest that we sing an opera as a swan-song. We burst into amazing cadenzas and coloratura passages. Then he would sing "Widdecombe Fair", "Polly Oliver" and "Young Herchard of Taunton Dean". He wrote down the scores, humming out the tunes and putting them down note by note. He knew any number of folk-songs in German, French and English.

The estate had been laid out into splendid gardens adorned by bronze statues, reproductions of Donatello and Verrocchio and the Greek bronzes from Pompeii in the Naples museum. The paths wandered through rose gardens, and past pools where iris grew, under arbours and flowery pergolas on to the belvedere with

its marvellous views, and then from terrace to terrace through thick woods.

Lawrence was walking there with Earl, past the Heimes statue and on past the blue-green bronze Venus and on through woods, when they passed a deep grotto where a life-sized white marble statue of mother Eve had been placed. In a whimsical humour, Lawrence said "She's too bleached out and pale, altogether too demure after her fall. I'll give her a touch of colour," and he snatched up a handful of dark brown earth that lay near, energetically rubbing it on the lady's face.

"There, that's better," he announced, "I'll keep on, I believe," and he gave her a complete mud-bath which transformed the shrinking white marble Eve into a black lady. He stood off to survey his handiwork, saying that it needed only a few leaves to make it perfect, whereupon he put a green cluster in her hair.

Evidently the gardener did not appreciate the effect, for the next morning Eve was as pale as ever!

At the end of his visit we left Ravello together. It was a radiant afternoon as we drove down the winding road, the sun full in our faces, the sea burning blue at our feet. The fig-trees had spurted out two green flames from the tip of each bare twig which delighted Lawrence, as did the cyclamen blossoming on the hills. He espied every new burst of spring. At that time he was writing about the Tuscan wild-flowers, and began to tell us of their beauty.

We changed carriages at Positano, where our drivers laughed and shouted together. Lawrence,



white with anger, stopped our man, asking him what he meant by using indecent language before decent people. The driver looked sheepish. Few could understand his dialect or what he was saying, and it did not seem to matter, but to Lawrence it indicated that the whole body politic of Europe had gone rotten. His afternoon was blighted. Such an incident could change his mood suddenly and completely.

**PART FIVE**

**1928**



## FLORENCE—SWITZERLAND—BADEN-BADEN

A YEAR had passed without our seeing the Lawrences. It was May of 1928 they had offered us their Florentine villa, the Mirenda, for the summer, and we had gone there to see them before they left for the French Alps. As usual at that season the poppies were in full glory. The little hills gambolled together as for a Bennozzo Gozzoli picture. When we saw Lawrence we suddenly realized that he was very ill, and knew that we must not postpone to the future our time with him, but seize each passing day. He was fastidiously dressed in white flannels with a flax-blue coat (It became customary with him to wear such a coat.)

He led us from room to room showing us the walls adorned with his paintings. Their sensitive colour and tactile qualities, their ease of technique and their spontaneity and their expressiveness pleased me. In the living-room hung at one end the "Holy Family", in the dining-room was the "Scene from Boccaccio", in Frieda's room was his "Pieta", and in Lawrence's room was a painting of nude figures with beasts snarling around, I do not remember what he called it, but to me it was the hounds of heaven! I enjoyed the picture of early spring with glowing willow trees and nude figures

The next day while we were there a group of three men arrived, among them Norman Douglas (I believe it was their first meeting since their disagreement over the publication of *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*) Lawrence was a dignified host The jovial Douglas talked voluble German with Frieda Lawrence looked pale and wan beside them

It was decided that we should go to the Alps with Frieda and Lawrence, instead of remaining at the villa The trip began to have a lure

Our farewell luncheon was gay The train journey was an adventure As we sped along, the passengers descended one after another, until by night we had our compartment to ourselves with the adjoining ones empty Then we began to sing hymns Lawrence knew all the Moody and Sankey revival songs, the Salvation Army tunes, every word of all the verses One followed another in growing dramatic effect, until the climax was reached in "Throw out the life-line" He stood up and threw out an imaginary lasso to the drowning souls, hauling them in strenuously But the exhilaration from singing did not keep Lawrence from being tired when we reached Turin, where we decided to spend the night The next morning a glorious magnolia blossom was placed on our luncheon table in the sun It opened out full even as we watched it—a thrilling spectacle of a flower's response to the sun

There was no definite notion of where we were going, only the pleasure of exploring We thought

the Savoy Alps with the sight of Mount Blanc might be what we wanted

Our next stop was Chambéry Early in the morning Frieda and Lawrence were up and had returned from a tour of the town, having investigated the shops, bringing back an orange cravat for Earl, before the rest of us were out. Lawrence was in a holiday mood

How happy we felt in Aix-les-Bains. The hotel verandahs filled with gay groups dining in the open enchanted us as did the long menus He read the list with gusto, electing fresh brook trout and grilled chicken While he scrunched the bones of these viands he made derogatory remarks about our soufflé and salads Two waiters vied with each other to serve us. There was bickering between them throughout the meal When coffee was served the dark waiter gave a resounding smack full in the face of his colleague, whose cheek turned from rose to scarlet Frieda decided it was mislaid patriotism, but Lawrence was grievously disturbed and felt it was a profound cosmic discord !

It was Lawrence who found the first lilies-of-the-valley, to be sure he only found them in the flower-market, but they were wild ones We were on our way to the lake, which seemed an interminable distance, and when we arrived there we sank down in a daze of weariness, trying to refresh ourselves with tea served with eight varieties of jam, while we watched a swan careen on the lake with two of her young tucked under her wings.

From Grenoble we motored up the heights to a sunny plateau, swung out over the valley, with a view of the snow-covered mountains. The mountain flowers were in their splendour, deep purple columbine, blue gentians, pansies, forget-me-nots, lilies-of-the-valley, alpine roses. A rustic inn was found at the floweriest spot of all, christened St Nizier-de-Pariset, and there we arranged to make a sojourn. On the following day we returned in high spirits to settle in.

Early in the morning, after our first night there, the proprietor knocked at Earl's door, announcing that monsieur had been ill in the night.

"Oh no," said Earl, "I was not ill."

"But not you, the other one—he coughed all night."

He added that he was sorry not to be able to keep Lawrence, but there was no choice, since the law on that plateau prohibited his having guests with affected lungs. Monsieur would have to go.

Ill as Lawrence was he had never admitted to us the seriousness of his malady. He had continued to refer to it as an "annoying" irritation of his bronchials. Never before had the doors of a hotel been closed to him because of it.

Shocked and dismayed, we had to break this news to Frieda, whom it upset still more. It was decided not to tell Lawrence what had happened. Although the evening before we all had agreed enthusiastically that the place was "*perfect*," "*entirely to our taste*," "*a rare find*," the inn-keeper "*remarkably*

*fine*”—we now decided to tell Lawrence that we no longer liked it, and wanted to go away. *What* would he say to such a sudden change? To such fickleness of taste? We greatly wondered

Lawrence seemed not in the least surprised, and replied quite calmly—that strangely enough he couldn't bear the place either, that he had awakened in the morning not wanting to stay “There was something *mingy* about that inn-keeper. I felt it from the first”

Did he suspect what had happened? We never knew. But all day he kept repeating. “Curious how I hated that place!”

Shaken by this experience and wearied with travel we went at once to a familiar hotel in Chexbres-sur-Vevey and settled down there to a quiet routine. Every day Lawrence grew better, so much so that Frieda could go for a visit to her mother in -Baden-Baden.

Lawrence was in a gentle mood, and would drink down ovaltine or mint tea like a docile child. We would take rugs and cushions out on the green meadows over the Lake of Geneva in view of the Dents du Midi. Sometimes we sang, often we were silent, more often Lawrence burst forth into deeply interesting discourses

He veered upon money one afternoon, and the more he talked the more vehement he grew. One must fight for his just share, never mind if peace of heart were dearer than the just share! He was furious



"It's your duty to be rich It's a sin for you to sneak off with your peace of heart while other people sneak off with what belongs to you Fight!"

Having glanced over some Indian experiences that I had been writing, he exclaimed

"You would not try to paint a picture without any shadows You can't Without the dark side there is no brightness Why don't you describe how your liver felt, how terrified of the riots you were, the disgust you felt in your solar plexus?"

On the day for Frieda's return from Baden-Baden Lawrence consulted the time-table and decided she would arrive by ten in the morning As no Frieda appeared he met the twelve o'clock express, with the same result He ate his lunch hurriedly and rushed back for the two-twenty local, but returned shortly looking disconsolate "She's probably lost her passport and been held up, or her purse"

I know not how many other trains he met, certainly the ten o'clock night train, which held no Frieda

We tried to cheer him up, but in vain. He always looked forward so eagerly to her return

In the morning there was Frieda, who had missed connections and motored from Vevey at midnight

As he grew stronger he wanted a house of his own We motored to Le Pont, isolated in the hills above Lausanne, thinking we might find such a place there It was a beautiful day and we were as full of adventure as ever The little villages with their neat gardens were left behind, and long stretches

of bleak pine forest surrounded us. We were back in winter with only a promise of spring. A black, cold lake shivered beneath the hotel, thawed after the winter sports but not warmed for summer! A village huddled on one side of the lake against the blast of the wind. The hotel would open next week. A terrible dreariness came over Lawrence and the rest of us. Switzerland seemed a prison.

Frieda and Lawrence determined none the less to find a house, somewhere at once, in a higher altitude, so a few days after the drive to Le Pont they departed for Gsteig-bei-Gstaad. They found a small chalet there on a steep hill above the little village, with pine woods at the back and surrounded by green meadows. The month at Chevres had brought about an improvement in Lawrence's health, he believed this higher altitude would continue the improvement. Soon we joined them, putting up at a nearby hotel.

When we arrived at Gsteig Lawrence was in bed suffering from a slight hæmorrhage, but was up in another day and working. He made light of it, saying he had caught a little cold in his bronchials, which had brought on asthma.

The hill was a difficult climb, especially at an altitude of four thousand feet. We puffed up daily, never failing to be there for tea. He would be sitting on his bench under the pear tree in front of the chalet, waving from afar.

"Hello, I couldn't tell whether that was you or a white goat!"

Frieda's head would pop out over a pot of blossoming geraniums in the dormer window.

One afternoon he sat holding a child's copy-book saying that he was going to read us an unfinished novel he had started on the way back from Mexico when he was very ill, and written down by Frieda from his dictation. It was called "The Flying Fish" with the old haunting symbolism of *pisces*.

As he read, it seemed to reach an ever higher more serene beauty. Suddenly he stopped, saying:

"The last part will be regenerate man, a real life in this Garden of Eden."

We asked: "What shall you make him do? What will he be like, the regenerate man, fulfilling life on earth?"

"I don't just know."

The enduring beauty of "The Flying Fish" made us ask at various times if he had not finished it, to which he would reply, that we must not urge him to finish it. "I've an intuition I shall not finish that novel. It was written so near the borderline of death, that I never have been able to carry it through, in the cold light of day."

Lawrence was writing articles during those days for newspapers, which have since been collected under the title of *Assorted Articles*. Almost every day there would be a new one to read to us.

A Hindu friend, Boshi Sen, visiting us, gave Lawrence massage, with skilful fingers running lightly up and down Lawrence's spine, thumping,

patting, slapping, moving the head about, rubbing the mop of hair, twisting his neck.

"Why, you must be a Y.M.C.A. man!" Earl exclaimed to Lawrence. "For I've a theory that all of them have prominent Adam's apples like yours."

While this proceeded Lawrence would open eyes and mouth and make up droll faces as he was rubbed about.

After one of these diverting performances he read his last article, *Cock-Sure Women and Hen-Sure Men*, which particularly pleased Boshu Sen, who maintained every woman in India ought to read it. Lawrence shook his head—"But they won't publish it even though they have asked for it!"—which incredible as it seems, proved to be true

At that time he was painting small water-colours, among them "An Explosion in the Mine"—a group of naked men carrying the body of a wounded miner. As he showed it to us, he said. "You know the miners work in some mines naked."

One afternoon we were singing "The Two Magicians"—

"Oh, she looked out of the window,  
As white as any milk  
But he looked into the window  
As black as any silk"

That seemed to please Lawrence very much. "I believe I'll paint that milk-white lady with the black man gazing in through the window at her" Next time we climbed the hill he had painted her.

We sang much that summer—sitting out on the grass How he objected to that version of “High Germany” that said

“Besides, my dearest Harry, though man and wife we be,  
How am I fit for cruel war in High Germany?”

Instead he insisted on .

“I’ll buy you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride,  
And all my heart’s delight shall be riding by your side,  
We’ll call at every ale-house and drink when we are dry,  
So quickly on the road, my Love, we’ll marry by-and-by”

We sang “Goddesses Three” Out on the green hill we acted it, Frieda as Venus, the child as Minerva, and I as Juno, Earl was Paris handing out a stone to the victorious lady, as we had no apple handy Lawrence was stage-manager, and prompter, and a severe critic as well

Only rarely did Lawrence come down from that hill Once was the day before the child’s birthday to buy gifts for that occasion We started out in the hotel motor and had arrived as far as two green fields full of mauve crocuses when the motor refused to budge There were Lawrence and Frieda, the child, Boshu Sen, Earl and I, firmly settled in the roadway It began to pour We were in hilarious mood, cooped up there with the rain beating merrily at the windows for an hour or more When we arrived at Gstaad we made mad spurts between rain-drops into cafés and shops, Lawrence full of whimsical drolleries

Another time he came down from the chalet to celebrate Frieda’s birthday with ourselves and some friends He made the occasion a gay festival

One fine day we made an outing to Les Diablerets by motor, but generally he stayed perched on his mountain—that terrible green hill up which even the cart horses heaved and panted.

Once we found him there as usual on his seat by the pear tree, holding in his hands a long and hectic letter from an admirer. He said emphatically how much he hated what he called literary letters, and maintained that only an egoist could write more than one sheet—but then Lawrence could say more on one sheet than any other mortal!

We were sitting among the harebells when Lawrence opened his copy-book with green emerald corners (given by the child, inscribed on the fly-leaf. "Merry Christmas to Uncle David"), and began reading his story, "The Blue Moccasins", which he had just finished. Before the ending he stopped and asked us how we would end it. We all agreed to the same dénouement. He replied that he also at first had closed the tale in like manner, but on further consideration he had felt forced to change it, whereupon he read the version as it stood. I have never seen the printed tale, and now although the story is vivid in my mind I cannot recall the debated point.

A rustic work-bench and a table had been made in the pine-grove for Lawrence, where he sat and wrote in view of the mountains, and near him the fragrant pines murmuring in the wind. The autumn crocuses swept over the hills. Yet for all that, as the days grew shorter he longed to go down into the world.

The bleak green hills with their black trees patrolling them chilled the heart

We departed before the Lawrences, after a four months' sojourn at Gsteig. Our last night, there was a grand finale. Lawrence's sister, whom he called "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded", had come with her daughter for a visit. It was a farewell banquet for Boshu Sen (the scientist friend) and us. Lawrence loved to offer hospitality, a slice of bread-and-butter cut by him had a special delicacy, so exactly was it cut, so smoothly spread. His exquisite perceptions met any emergency and forestalled every wish.

His Wesleyan sister may have considered Boshu Sen a benighted Hindu, and perhaps to her horror heard Lawrence saying "Have you ever been baptized, Boshu?" "No," answered Boshu, "but I shouldn't mind. The more gods we Hindus have, the better we like it." Then Lawrence ceremoniously baptized him with wine, after which Boshu chanted a Sanskrit hymn.

Lawrence then sang "Kismul's Galley"—fit symbol of himself, a brave ship on a stormy sea. He followed with Mexican love ditties, ending with the war-whoops of the Navajo Indians, sung with such fervour that it is a wonder he did not burst a blood-vessel in his throat.

Torrents of rain were falling, and we had to plough our way down the hill through the tall grass with the cataracts of water flowing off every knoll and rock. Lawrence stood at his doorway holding a flickering light, anxiously watching until we reached the far

distant roadway. The following day he wrote *Hymns in a Man's Life*.

October of the same year found us all with Frieda's mother settled in a quiet old inn on the outskirts of Baden-Baden. Our rooms opened on to an inviting garden of stately trees, where little golden hearts were fluttering down from the aspens. When the fickle sun allowed we sat for hours at little tables there. Evenings we spent in the Weinstube of the inn, a choral society of workmen met in an adjoining hall, where they practised their songs. We would linger to listen. Lawrence liked to be a part of the village life. One night a grocer who belonged to the choral group was married. Down the street to the new home marched the chorus, bearing coloured lanterns, then pouring out their heart-felt wishes in song. We stood shivering in the road, grateful Lawrence, although blue with cold, waited for the last note.

He would play Patience with Frieda's mother, taking as much pleasure in the game as she did. Their favourite variety was "Napoleon", in which they almost invariably had to cheat themselves to win.

In the mornings we would start out, drinking-glasses in hand, and walk the length of the Lichtenthal Allee, which still looked like a page from a Turgenev novel. We turned up the street to the stork-fountain, sending forth clouds of steam on the chill air, and we drank our potions. Lawrence prudently limited himself to one glass. Then we went to the Kursaal



for the concerts. He knew all the arias and overtures without consulting the programme. Their familiarity was an added pleasure. He would sit, his head slightly drooped forward, a pensive look on his face, as if he were gathering up old memories evoked by the music.

Going the round of the medicinal springs and baths, loitering in the lounges or gardens, for a time we were amused onlookers, but finally Lawrence announced that he could not bear the crowd any longer; their faces were blasted, their souls damned. He could not sit in their midst even to hear an outdoor concert.

We were walking home along the bridle-path when a servant-girl carrying a basket of groceries passed near. On seeing Lawrence she burst into a storm of sobs, shrieking that she had lost her purse and her mistress would beat her. He stood silent before the storm. Not one of us opened a purse. Lawrence shook his head seriously. He wished to be scrupulously just in the matter. "She's overdone the part. It's too dramatic."

The girl saw we were stony-hearted and, espying a gentleman in front, flew off to engage his sympathies. As she came near him she again burst into weeping, but the man stopped and raised a threatening hand. Lawrence's beard bristled and he turned to Frieda:

"You run on and tell that scullion if she does this again you will report her to the police." He felt aggrieved personally. It was a shock to his faith in humanity. Such trivial incidents moved him deeply.

Maple-leaves lay on the paths like jewels. Lawrence took a double handful and hurried on while the rest loitered. When we arrived for luncheon the table was adorned with the leaves, roses lay at Earl's place, and a mound of presents for his birthday. After this we set forth on a drive, but a real drive in baronial landaus, with spans of great horses. For hours we wound through wooded roads among great pine-boles and hemlock pillars with the light sifting transparent green and gold through the beeches on the edge of the Black Forest. Deep mystery where fairies, gnomes and devils might be lurking. With Lawrence as master of ceremonies we climbed through the old *schloss* to the central hall of red sandstone where Lawrence insisted we see the aerial harp and climb "the bastions an' turrets an' a' "

Lawrence was silent for long on the drive back through the cool greenness of the forest which soothed eyes and nerves. A sense of peace lay over us; the happiness of the day, its generous giving, its glad receiving, its communion.

Finally Lawrence began recounting that his father and X were the only people he had known who always followed joy. Nothing else but the joy of life had concerned them. X could not admit suffering, disease, poverty, or ugliness. For X the war did not exist. He turned his back upon it. When Frieda and Lawrence were desperately poor, he simply did not notice it or them! It was true, that everyone was a hedonist of sorts. Perhaps they were right, certainly they were consistent. As the old sundial

said: "Face the sun and the shadows fall behind" They were sun-flowers sure enough! They had their brightness too. Nothing else really existed for either of them, nothing but themselves. One episode after another came and went, some painful and those were deliberately forgotten, expunged; some full of pleasure and self-aggrandizement, all real and moving at the moment, but mere parentheses, closed, finished. X loved his wife and grieved over his loss when she died, but she had gone while he was still enjoying himself. X's children had passed through various vicissitudes. He was sorry, but had kept on invincible, still finding life good in spots and choosing the good spots. Call it courage—how much better it had been than broken-spirited dragging on. Blithe spirits, true to themselves, they were right in a way. They had kept themselves unbroken. While the rest of us have cared too much and let ourselves be shattered by the depths of our affections. We must let things go, one after another, finally even love—only keeping oneself true to oneself, just that integrity. Nothing else matters in life or death.

Lawrence fell into silent reverie. He felt no need of speech, and his silences were as much a communion as his spoken word.

Before leaving Baden-Baden we wanted to see the highest place in that region—Mercury Hill, because of the beautiful allegory Lawrence has written about it. One morning he led us through the dense shade of the Black Forest, dappled with the early

light, to the entrance of the funicular, and seating himself on a nearby bench said he might wait if it did not turn too cold.

After being veered up over the sea of tall treetops at a terrific pitch, we arrived at the commanding height where man has felt the presence of gods known and unknown during the centuries—testifying to this are the Christian shrine, and the altar to Mercury above, another perhaps to Thor the thunderer, as Lawrence has chosen in his profound allegory. The Rhine gleamed in the distance, the Black Forest bristled up and down the round hills. The clanking chains of the funicular had brought us by a miracle of machinery to the top, high above the machine world, in the realm of the gods. As we rattled and clattered back to the lower earth, Lawrence sat on the bench near the funicular entrance just as we had left him, still as a lizard in the sun out of the green shadows of the deep woods. We walked silently home.

Lawrence's courage never failed, even though his health did. He wished to join in all our excursions and walks. One of these took us to a series of trout ponds where the fish were raised for the market. Lawrence was exhausted before we arrived, for we could never remember how limited his strength was. Even then, wearied out, his interest in the six-year-old fish-pond and the three-year-old and the spawn was keen as ever.

We sallied forth to find an old inn which had disappeared, Lawrence dragging along.

Frieda announced that she had met a famous physician who had promised to make a friendly call upon Lawrence the next day.

"I shall not be in. He'll not see me!" There the matter rested

Nearby was a convent where we talked with the sisters, hearing of their famous eau-de-cologne, and their still more famous nun, who had the power of healing with the touch of her hands. When Frieda begged Lawrence to visit her, saying perhaps she might heal him, he shook his head, and answered that all he needed was the south and the sun.

Thus Lawrence started out to find the sun, going south with us by way of the French Riviera, while Frieda went to Florence to close the Villa Mirenda. Though it was cold when, on our journey, we arrived at Strasbourg, we set forth to explore the cathedral. Lawrence thought it had the beauty of both the French and German Gothic, he liked its exterior best of all Gothic cathedrals. The clock performed, purple and crimson shadows deepened down the solemn aisles.

The twilight outside was bitter cold; Lawrence decided to keep warm with "Ben Hur" at the cinema until train time. Half an hour we watched doves fluttering around baby-faced blonde dolls, brutal Romans accursed with hearts of stone, galleys of inhuman slaves, galloping horses whizzing perilous chariots. There was no human touch, nothing resembling a reality of any phase of life we knew or could imagine. Lawrence gasped out that he was

going ; if we did not take him out immediately he would be violently sick ; such falsity nauseated him ; he could not bear to see other people there open-mouthed, swallowing it, believing it to be true.

How white and weary he looked the next morning, after a night in the train. He left us in Southern France for Port Cros, while we continued our way to Nice and on to Italy.



PART SIX  
1929-1930





## BANDOL AND VENCE

JUST A year later, in the autumn, we came to Bandol to be near the Lawrences. They were living in a little villa (Beau Soleil) by the sea, which with its heliotrope-tinted walls and gold-framed mirrors, must have been designed for some lady-love, and was drolly incongruous for the Spartan Lawrence who denied himself most comforts. Frieda put up bits of embroidery that she and Lawrence had made, some sketches by him, a few of their own household gods to modify the effect. Here they offered hospitality to a stream of visitors. Lawrence could view from his large room a vast expanse of sea stretching to the eastern sky.

He was in bed seriously ill, having recently arrived from Germany. He announced that the psyche of Germany had been killing him, and that we never ought to go north of the Alps into the spirit of unbelief—man could not live without faith. "Now, I believe, in the centre of my being," he said solemnly, as if it were his confession of faith.

Whatever remedy was suggested he would try hopefully. Shortly he was up, resting on the couch, walking out to his verandah. Max Mohr—a physician as well as playwright—was with him for a short time. We all tried to aid Frieda in finding ways for his

improvement Every day would find us sometime at Villa Beau Soleil Earl massaged him with coconut oil until Lawrence's blue fingers began to take on a hue of life

By the end of November Lawrence was walking to the pine grove skirting the sea, where we would find him absorbed in contemplation, sometimes sitting in the wind, on cold stones, without an overcoat, in his reckless way He was refreshed by short motor trips, and began planning a longer excursion to the Magdalen's cave at St Baume, which dwindled to a morning's drive to the hill-towns of La Cadière and Castelet.

This drive was after the heavy rains, and the vines were a final burst of colour, the sun glistening through every leaf We have never seen the foliage so wonderful in colour as on that day it ranged from purest yellow through golds to deep russet, from vermilion to purples—against silver olives and dark pines, with the emerald of wild turnip springing from the brown earth Beyond all were the blue sea and sky.

Lawrence grew tired we were conscious of his aching weariness Our attention was caught in the windows of a village house by some coarse lace curtains with a design of a triple fountain from which two doves were drinking, I declared that I should like to have them Lawrence exclaimed in exasperation. "Would you go and rip them down from the woman's window? It would be quite as bad as Y——, who would take the only blanket off an Indian's back!" This outburst seemed to relieve the pressure,

it had offered a tangible object outside his own aching body

During those days he was reading the Bible in Moffatt's translation, also Dean Inge's essays on *Plotinus* and Gilbert Murray's *Five Stages of Greek Religion*. He was annoyed with Murray for teaching that civilization keeps evolving into something better. The old gods were as important to Lawrence as the new, different but not inferior.

On the bed beside Lawrence was a yellow and white kitten, "Mickie Mussolini". It was startling to see the two side by side, both so still, both red-gold and white. Mickie would put his paw on Lawrence's hand as he wrote; or he lay curled under the down coverlet, peering out, while Lawrence said "Yes, you're a cave-man". The kitten had adopted him, refusing to depart, and paying little attention to others. Lawrence had an awareness of the cat's real nature and did not treat it as his "pet" and property, but as a creature with a life of its own to be respected. he insisted that it sleep outside the house at night lest it become "bourgeois and comfortable"!

He watched the little creature play with the chains of a hanging clock. Madame of the hotel had brought to Lawrence two gold fishes in a globe, they sailed around, magnified by the water into large golden lumps which Mickie watched fascinated. The fish were banished to the bathroom, where Mickie was forbidden entrance. Of course the expected happened. Mickie burst in and caught the fishes. Frieda was

so upset that for days she would not speak to the cat ! Lawrence lectured him (" He understands every word I speak to him ") And Lawrence spoke long and earnestly to the unrepentant Mickie " You knew perfectly well that I wished those fish left alone and therefore you should have respected my wishes " Again " Who ate the butter ? You are a thief "

Lawrence took great interest in our search to find a house where we might be neighbours, and in the old farmhouse we finally unearthed He would lie awake at nights worrying—supposing it was too isolated, supposing the neighbours were hostile He wanted to help paint the doors He planned every detail—we must have fire-screens, our beds must be comfortable He asked exactly how much each article cost He was pleased that we had a refectory table of teakwood made by the village carpenter, for he held that the life should be kept beating in living artisans instead of seeking out antiquities This table was a gift from Lawrence, and he was to carve his initials under the bevel Whenever he came to the house he would examine the surface to see how it was taking the wax

He would sit contentedly by our hearth warming his feet, and insisting that it was the first time during the winter that they had been warm He declared that if he had the actual presence of a fire before him in his house, instead of *chauffage centrale*, he would gain new strength : for man lived by the elements and he should not deny fire It was at this time that he wrote a poem to fire

Lawrence began a preface to Frederick Carter's essays on the Apocalypse. He would say that the final proof of insanity was to have a theory about the Apocalypse! That preface grew beyond bounds and became a book. When the Christmas holidays arrived Harwood typed it off for him, his last book.

She had returned from school in England bringing hampers from Lawrence's two sisters. He served out their contents at a Christmas Eve party, supervising every detail, even helping to make lemon tarts. With his unfailing generosity he had carefully selected gifts for everyone. He had painted a clock putting a sun-burst design around the face that—"the sun might never set" for us!

During the school term Harwood had been given the subject for an essay, the sketch of some great man. When she wrote that she was undecided whether to choose the Buddha or her Uncle David (as she called Lawrence) Lawrence chuckled and when he saw Harwood asked. "Well, who has won out, Lord Buddha or My Uncle David?" He took satisfaction in being the chosen one.

Ida Raugh arrived from Taos telling him the latest news, among other items a tale of the murdering of a young man who was picnicing with his bride on a mountain, when an Indian joined them and shared their luncheon. Afterwards they were walking on in single file when the Indian suddenly shot the young man dead. Some of us decided it was sheer mountain madness such as seizes a lonely shepherd.

Lawrence emphatically disagreed. He asserted that it was because the man had his back turned to the Indian, and that deep in the heart of every primitive being is the impulse to creep out and kill anything that had its back turned. "You've no right to walk on ahead of a primitive creature. He'll shoot you, or stick a knife into you, if you do. It's his nature."

News of the suicide of Harry Crosby reached Lawrence, a terrible blow, for he was a man whom Lawrence had loved and admired. Lawrence sat in bed, his eyes showing large in his pale face, swathed in a scarf of Frieda's to protect his ears, which were troubling him. Some of the flame in his beard seemed to die out. He looked utterly miserable and sorrowfully reiterated: "That's all he could do with life, throw it away. How could he betray the great privilege of life?"

Lawrence attended a New Year's luncheon given by the Di Chiaras which he enjoyed with his usual zest, but he lingered overlong, and walked to the village to sit down in a cutting wind. From that time he steadily lost flesh.

He still came out to our place bringing friends with him. It was a pastime with him to watch the repairs we were trying to make to an old house and garden. He would look over the olives telling us that they must be pruned, sniffing the wild thyme crushed into fragrance by his feet.

One afternoon we were with him and Frieda at Villa Beau Soleil, he began selecting some of his

"Nettles" for a small volume. There were to be others called "Dead Nettles," because they were to have no sting in them. He turned the pages of his notebook, adding that he had been writing some verses about death and would read them, then, shaking his head wistfully, he closed the book, saying. "I can't read them now."

Lawrence's friends in England sent Dr Morland, who proved so sympathetic that Lawrence followed his advice and lay still on a couch screened off in a sheltered corner of the garden. He lay there meditating, with a great calm over his face.

Before this he had been reading methods of mental healing. He exclaimed critically that you must not lie to yourself, a lie flies back and hits you twice as hard in the end. When you go on saying to yourself that you are good and sweet, but feel ugly all the time, you'll just grow into horrid, hideous old things. It was suggested that you can turn your thoughts from your own imperfections and meditate on perfection. He grew more and more to look as though this were what he was doing.

The first of February, Lawrence, Frieda and Earl went to Vence in the Maritime Alps above Cannes, where Lawrence remained for a month in the "Ad Astra" sanatorium

The morning before they left, Mickie sat disconsolately outside the shut door of Lawrence's room. When this was opened it disclosed Lawrence propped up in bed, galley sheets piled thick about him, correcting proofs of his "Nettles." He raised his



eyes from the pages, saying that he would be coming back soon to stay in our pine grove. I believed him. In his last letter to me, as in one of his first, he asserts that he shall pitch his tent near us, a hope to which we all had remained constant through the years.

When Lawrence was examined the doctors asked him about the beginning of his malady. He replied that as a two-week's-old babe he had barely recovered from an attack of bronchitis, again at sixteen pneumonia had seized him, from which he never had recovered fully. The day before his death he and Frieda moved to the Villa Raubermond.

A telegram came saying "Lawrence died ten o'clock night of March second, funeral four o'clock March fourth."

At the funeral there were ten of us gathered together—each with his own memories, very separate, yet held together by the depths of sincere affection for Lawrence. The plain oak casket placed at the foot of his bed was covered with spring flowers—freesias, violets, mimosa, primroses and garden posies. There were no words spoken, no service read. We followed to the cemetery on its ledge over the valley where the afternoon sun shone. We laid the spring flowers over the fresh earth. That was all—simple friendliness and sincerity.

In June, when we visited the grave, little yellow and white pansies from his sister's gardens were nodding at the foot. A mosaic design from Lawrence's drawing of the phoenix made with black,

white and red pebbles picked up on the Bandol beach, marked the place. The song of the nightingale echoed across the valley, swallows darted in high circles against the mountains. The Mediterranean shimmered in the distance.



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